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DIVINE HYMNS

COMPOSED ORIGINALLY BY

MR WILLIAM CRUDEN,

Minister of the Gospel at Loggie Pert,

PRINTED at ABERDEEN in 1761.

Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged with
numerous Improvements,

By R. C. BRACKENBURY, Esq;



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M-61

P R E F A C E

The Board of Trustees of the
Methodist Episcopal Church, South,
has the honor to announce that
the following is a list of the
books and pamphlets which
are now in the possession of
the Board, and which are
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any church or individual
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P R E F A C E.

AS the Duty of Praise is so essential a Part of Divine Worship, and has the Stamp of divine Authority so eminently impressed upon it, 'tis no Wonder that it has still been allowed to hold a distinguished Place among the Exercises of Religion;---and that no Age has proved so degenerate in which there have not been found a faithful few to celebrate the Praises of the KING OF KINGS, even in this distant Region of his vast Empire.

Much has been said by many eminent Writers to shew the impropriety of obliging the Disciples of JESUS to learn all their Songs of Praise to Him, their divine REDEEMER, within the Schools of Moses and the Prophets.

And surely at first View it must appear unreasonable to wrap up, under the Veil of the Mosaic Dispensation, those warmest Powers of the Soul, which should be encouraged to fall out and dwell with Delight on the many bright and ravishing Subjects of Contemplation and Praise, which are every

where to be met with among the later and still more interesting Transactions of New-Testament Times.

In consequence of what has been advanced on this Subject, the present Age seems to aspire after a Christian-like Freedom in this solemn Part of Worship, which has so much of Heaven in it, and is intended to fit the Expectants of it for the Land of Praise.

The following Hymns were composed, and are offered to the Public, with a View to assist the Friends of the LORD JESUS, amidst their serious Moments, in expressing the devout breathings of their Souls to "Him that loved them, and washed them from their Sins in his own Blood." It is hoped also that the using them in Congregations and Families may be found of Advantage.

In composing these Hymns, Choice has been made of the most practical subjects, and such as the devout Soul is aptest to dwell upon in its more solemn Hours. And as the Name of the blessed JESUS is precious, and like "Ointment poured forth," to all his sincere Disciples, it is presumed the serious Reader will not censure the Author as tedious, for having dwelt so long upon the Incarnation, the Life, (including his Ministry and Miracles) the Death, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the second Coming of our adorable REDEEMER; these being the
grand

grand and affecting Subjects which fill up a considerable part of this small Volume. The rest may be seen in the general Contents prefixed to the whole.—If the serious Perusal of them, under the Influence of Divine Grace, prove the mean of begetting, increasing, or preserving a devout Warmth in the Breast of the meanest Christian, it will prove an abundant Recompence for any Pains bestowed in their Composition. Perhaps some few Phrases may occur not so familiar to the lowest Class of Readers ; but as they are few, their meaning may easily be discovered by carefully attending to the whole Verse or Line, where such words are met with.—No doubt those who are possessed of Poetical Talents will at first View discern many Blemishes in the following Pages ; yet as it is the first Trial of Genius in this way, 'tis hoped the Judges of such Compositions will shew Candor in their Criticisms on a Performance, which however imperfect, is sent abroad into the World, with a most unfeigned Desire, that it may prove in some Degree useful to those into whose Hands it may come.

The Editor of this new Edition of the following Hymns has thought proper to extract thus much (with some small Additions) from the Author's Preface, as it informs the Reader of his design in making them public. But it may be likewise necessary to subjoin

some farther Account of the original Work, and of the Liberty that has been taken, in presenting it to the World in this new Dress. It made its first appearance about thirty Years ago, and in a part of Great Britain, where divine Poetry had been little cultivated and improved. This the Author relates in the above Preface with the same Modesty he has shewn in what is here extracted. There were also a great Number of Scotticisms, very likely to disgust an English Reader, and which was probably the Reason of its not being reprinted on this side the *Tweed*; for otherwise it is presumed it has Merit enough in point of Genius and Sentiment to insure (at least with the serious) a favorable Reception. In the present Edition much Pains have been taken to pare off those exceptionable Words, and also to correct and alter whatever appeared materially defective either in the Matter or Manner. Besides it was judged expedient to omit about fifteen Hymns, where the Style was less pleasing, or the Subject of less Importance; as also to arrange the rest in a quite different Order, to prefix proper Titles to each, to transpose some Verses and retrench others, and lastly to add a Verse or two, especially at the Conclusion of a Hymn, in order to fill up the Sense, which is generally a Prayer; together with two entire Hymns on the Mission of the
HOLY

HOLY GHOST, which seemed to be wanting, in the Place where they occur.

It is probable the Work would have been more acceptable to some Persons, if the Metre had been varied, or at least the first and third Lines of the Stanza had rhymed as well as the second and the fourth, which is mostly the Case in modern Compositions of this Nature ; yet such the Author has left it, and it would have proved an almost endless Task, and next to impossible, to have supplied that Defect, if it really be one.

In Conclusion, the Editor begs leave to inform the Public, that no interested Motive has prompted him to republish this Work ; but a sincere Desire, that a Jewel, which unpolished as it was, had afforded him much real Pleasure, might, after passing under the File, and set to better Advantage, impart the same and still greater Satisfaction, to all those, who know the Value of, or have a Taste for Jewels.

The gracious GOD vouchsafe his Blessing therewith, and to his great Name be all the Praise most gratefully ascribed through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

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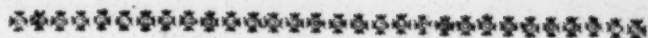
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H Y M N S.

THE BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

HYMN I. *God is Love, 1 John iv. 8.*

- 1 **O**F all the fair resplendent Gems
That wreathe th' eternal Crown,
I see immense almighty Love
Reflect the brightest noon.
- 2 Th' adored DEITY proclaims
His Name and Nature LOVE ;
A Sun whose beams, undim'd by Age,
Will beatific prove.
- 3 As the capacious Ocean's Bed
Its vapours sends abroad,
So Streams of Love perpetual rise
From the Profound of GOD.
- 4 With Him Eternity to share,
All Reason's Sons were made ;
To lead them up to GODHEAD's source
It's purest Lights were shed.
- 5 If Beings blest with happy life
On wings of freedom fly,
And 'bove the right of Creatures, aim
To fix their nest on high ;

- 6 Let none for this a GOD arraign,
Or tax his righteous Throne,
Tho' bold Usurpers of his Seat
Beneath his Vengeance groan.
- 7 That He hath form'd undying Souls
To dwell in endless woe,
Who dare on Goodness infinite
Such high Impeachment throw ?
- 8 When o'er the precipice of death
He sees them bent to run,
Must he their wills in fetters bind
That they all harms may shun ?
- 9 Those Stars now plung'd in hopeless night
From this blest SUN did stray ;
Back to the Center of their Bliss
They cannot find the way.
- 10 No Fiend will dare to charge his Sin
On the dear MAKER's hand ;
When to their breasts he makes appeal
All Hell will speechless stand.

II. *The Omnipresence of GOD.*

Psal. cxxxi. 7—10.

- 1 **F**ROM Him who spans Immensity
Where shall I point my flight ?
To what recess of nature run
T' elude his piercing Sight ?
- 2 Shall I on wing of rising Day
My early Tour pursue ?
And with the Sun's meridian blaze
The fruitless toil renew ?

- 3 Yet still the Footsteps of a GOD
Thro' all that Rout I trace ;
His Hand leads that bright Journeyer on
In his far distant race.
- 4 Or should I unperceived scale
The Ramparts of the Sky,
And hide me in some blisful bow'r
That still may vacant lie ;
- 5 E'en then I on his Bosom sink,
And on his Breast recline ;
Each dweller mid those Mansions fair
His blisful Arms entwine,
- 6 If down th' infernal shades I leap,
Still aiming to retire,
Yet there his Nostrils ceaseless blow
Those waves of liquid fire :
- 7 There too supported by his hand
The Fiends perpetual growl,
Beneath long-threaten'd Tortures prest
They raise th' unpitied howl.
- 8 Far on the Ocean's swelling flood
'Tis vain to plunge me deep ;
Seas rave his praise, and lie within
His Eye's unbounded sweep.
- 9 If in his Being thus inclos'd,
What godlike aims should sway
Man's mind, whose earliest buds of thought
Are naked as the Day.

- 10⁶ Throw wide the Portals of thy Soul,
 And all its bow'rs disclose ;
 Thro' all its Arbors bid Him range
 Who well their windings knows.
- 11 Prune off the wild luxuriant branch,
 Let fragrance breathe around,
 That He, who walks the fields on high,
 May tread that nether ground.

III. *The Greatness and Majesty of GOD,*
Isai. xl. 12—14.

- 1 **L**O! Heav'n's tremendous mighty
 (I tremble at the Name!) [KING!
 High Hosts but faintly list his praise,
 Nor half his deeds proclaim.
- 2 He rounded all those heav'nly Orbs,
 He bowl'd them from his hand,
 Which at his pleasure shoot along,
 Or at his bidding stand.
- 3 From mid the cistern of his fift
 He pour'd the noisy Deep,
 Whose Billows lash th' affrighted Strand,
 Or hush'd by Him they sleep.
- 4 His Fingers spann'd the azure Sky,
 Assign'd each Star its place ;
 He smooth'd for each a spacious Road
 Thro' vast unbounded Space.
- 5 He gaug'd the yeilding Mounds of Sand
 That smoothly lave the shore,

- And curb th' impetuous lawless waves
While all enrag'd they roar.
- 6 Each fragment of the rugged Rock
In his just scales was weigh'd,
And all the proud aspiring Hills
Were in his balance try'd.
- 7 Who led his blest unerring Hand?
Or lent him needful aid,
When on its strong unshaken base
The pond'rous Earth was laid?
- 8 Who drew Creation's wond'rous plan?
Or sketch'd its prospects out?
Who sat in Council, when he fix'd
The Comet's tedious rout?
- 9 When Nature's godlike laws were fram'd
Who penn'd its ruder draught?
Who did the depth of Wisdom sound?
Or first Him Knowledge taught?
- 10 Hail, Being's uncreated Source,
Whose streams from Thee do flow;
Cherubic and Seraphic Bands
In thy dread Presence bow.

IV. *The same Subject continued from*
Ver. 15—26.

- 1 **W**HAT Image can pourtray a GOD?
His faintest Likeness shew?
Whose hand the features pencil out
Of DEITY to view?

- 2 Whole Nations vanish into smoke,
And all their Grandeur dies,
Like Oceans shrivel'd to a drop,
Before his piercing Eyes.
- 3 The haughty Cedars waving high
On tops of LEBANON,
Would raise a scanty flame, to burn
Sweet incense round his Throne.
- 4 The Herds, that o'er each valley-side
Thro' flowing herbage rove,
All on his sacred Altars pil'd
An Off'ring mean would prove.
- 5 On circle of this earthly Globe
He rears his lofty Seat,
Its tenants, like the grasshopper,
But chirp beneath his feet.
- 6 He weaves the spacious Heav'ns on high
As curtains for his Throne,
He stretch'd their starry floor abroad
To fix his Tent upon.
- 7 E'en Princes vanish into air,
And seem but puny things ;
Decisions of the Judge are vain
Before the KING OF KINGS.
- 8 Survey the azure fields above,
He marshal'd yonder host,
And leads more num'rous Armies forth
Than XERXES e'er could boast.
- 9 He musters up their various ranks
Which wait his sov'reign Will,

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

7

And round the vaulted sky revolve,
Or at his Nod stand still.

V. *Divine Condescension.*

2 Chro. vi. 18.

- 1 **W**ILL he that fills th' eternal Throne
Celestial Glories quit ?
And on this footstool deign to tread
So distant from his Seat ?
- 2 E'en the ethereal Plains are scant
For Mansions of a GOD ;
The starry Pavement could not bear
The weight of his Abode.
- 3 Those upper Courts on Zion's Hill
That raise their heads so high,
Cannot contain the GOD, whose Glance
Surveys Infinity.
- 4 Not the unmeasur'd Fields of light
Can hold his dwelling-place,
Who unconfined to Paradise
Fills universal Space.
- 5 What tho' his Throne by Cherubs borne
With dazzling Splendors shine,
Yet all its Curtains spread around
His Glories can't confine.
- 6 Will he then rend those azure skies,
And leave the Worlds on high ?
In cloudy Chariot downward haste ?
Or mid the Whirlwind fly ?

- 7 In an apartment made with hands
Will the MOST HIGH abide ?
Or on an Orb so far remote
One passing day reside ?
- 8 What Dome by mortal skill pil'd up
Can yield Him fit retreat ?
When all the rolling Spheres above
Are dust beneath his feet.
- 9 Yet strange ! from where He reigns su-
In Majesty and State, [preme
Before the Heart's thrice bolted door
Heav'n's SOVREIGN deigns to wait.
- 10 Or when, for gracious ends of Love,
He takes his downward flight ;
'Tis then, the humble contrite Heart
He makes his chief delight.

VI. *The everlasting Compassions of GOD to
his People. Isai. xlix. 15.*

- 1 **T**HE warm Compassions of a GOD
In drought know no decay :
That blessed immaterial SUN
Still sheds th' enrapt'ring Ray.
- 2 His Heat diffuses far abroad
Beyond the bounds of Thought ;
Ten thousand Sun's meridian warmth
Compar'd therewith is nought.
- 3 Collect each Beam that fires the Breast
Of the celestial Throng,

With Men's affections flaming high,
And passions burning strong ;

- 4 From th' uncreated Source of Love
These make one feeble Ray ;
What warmth must then be in this Spring
Of everlasting Day !

- 5 In his parental Bosom hid
The Saints transported lie ;
How fondly clasp'd in his Embrace
By Love's unloos'ning tie !

- 6 No time shall cool the glowing flame,
Or blot them from his heart ;
Of all their sins his own dear Son
Once felt the penal smart.

- 7 Will she that on her suckling smiles
Her melting bosom steel ?
Forget to hush her tender Babe ?
Or disregard his weal ?

- 8 Yes, e'en maternal Love may freeze
These yearnings too may die,
And Infants wean'd in natal hour
Oft heave th' expiring cry.

- 9 But here no cloud can intercept
His smiles as they descend ;
No hand from Mercy's dandling knee
One duteous Child shall rend.

- 10 Think, while thou feel'st Affection's
Glide strongly thro' thy Soul, [Stream
What Oceans of unmeasur'd Love
In GOD's pure Breast must roll.

VII. *Celebration of the divine Attributes,
especially Mercy. Psal. cxlv. 9.*

- 1 **A**LL Objects round in one combine,
And speak their MAKER good ;
The tongue of fame his Acts of Grace
To Ages rings aloud.
- 2 "He's wise beyond all finite thought,"
The hymning Angels cry ;
"He's just," from off the boiling Lake
Despairing Fiends reply.
- 3 What tend'rer Name shall Men adopt,
How stile th' eternal GOD,
When they are wafting Tribute high
To reach his blest Abode ?
- 4 The heavenly Worlds wear lovely prints
Of his Perfections bright ;
But Earth enjoys the constant shine
Of Mercy's streaming Light.
- 5 While Justice darts its keenest flames
Thro' yon blaspheming Vale,
We Mortals on Time's gentle tide
With Hope's fair streamers sail.
- 6 From this Spring-head all Earth around
Rich streams of Goodness flow,
And on each distant Hill and Dale
Unnumber'd Blessings grow.
- 7 This is the Orb where Mercy shoots,
Nought else auspicious springs,
To view its growths in Summer bloom
Heav'n's Hosts it downward brings.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE. 11

- 8 This is JEHOVAH's brightest Name,
This Plume still fairest shows,
When his wide-spread almighty Wing
With dazzling colours glows.
- 9 Man is sweet Mercy's darling Child,
Nurs'd by its tender hand :
And in the upper worlds above
The Blest its Trophies stand.
- 10 Each Pulse is still an Act of Grace,
And calls for grateful Lays !
O ! may each Tongue, that's taught to
found,
Proclaim JEHOVAH's praise.
-

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

VIII. *God the Author and Former of Man's Being.* Psal. c. 3.

- 1 **B**EFORE the Potter's moulding Hand
Had form'd my passive Clay,
I, wrapt in Nature's sluggish Mass,
Cut off from Being, lay.
- 2 To Him that grav'd my title, Man,
My ev'ry breath be Praise ;
Each Deed shall echo to his word,
And high his Glory raise.
- 3 Me, in the rising Chain of Life,
He fix'd on lofty link ;
To inlets of low sense adjoin'd
Intelligence to think.

12 CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Then from the Font of Bliss he pour'd
A pure celestial Draught !
By him my strong immortal Pow'rs
With future Hopes were fraught.
- 5 My race of Being knows no bound
Within the Sun's wide Sphere ;
Nor shall it interruption find,
When dim his Glories wear.
- 6 This Structure of Dimensions vast
Creation cannot fill ;
Desires so craving ask a GOD,
Nor rest but in his Will.
- 7 Unchain'd, e'en when the clay-built frame
Folds close its slumbring eye,
With glance of thought the Spirit soars
Thro' trackless lengths of Sky.
- 8 Thou Kindler of this Breath of Life,
With Love seraphic fire,
That all my Pow'rs, which from Thee
May back to Thee aspire. [came,

IX. GOD our Creator and Preserver from
earliest Infancy. Psal. xxii 9.

- 1 YE Choirs, that tune the Courts above,
A grateful Anthem raise
To Him, that feeds my wasting Breath,
I'll chant with you his Praise.
- 2 He moulded first the embryo mass
Low in my early Tomb ;

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE. 13

And led my pulse its wonted rounds
In the dark pris'ning Womb.

3 In hollow'd Lamp at Life's dim dawn
He pour'd the vital stream,
To light its unexpiring flame
Infus'd an heav'nly Beam.

4 Soon as my natal hour arose,
He burst my prison-door,
And bade my op'ning eyelids drink
Bright rays unseen before.

5 On Mercy's knee long was I hush'd
While mid soft slumbers lull'd ;
His Arm my helpless head sustain'd
Within its circling fold.

6 His Eye unslumbering prov'd a guard
Round my infantile bed ;
Ten thousand dangers hov'ring round
Before his Presence fled.

7 E'er Reason shed its orient beams
Or taught my wants to know,
He from his stores bade rich supplies
Thro' plenteous channels flow.

8 Soon as th' impetuous tide of youth
Began to force its way,
He the unbridled foaming stream
By kind restraints did stay.

9 When on to ruin's crumbling edge
I still regardless run,

14 CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

He taught by his correcting Rod
That dreadful Death to shun.

- 10 I hymn th' eternal Name for these
And countless Blessings more ;
But vain a mortal's song ;—my Soul,
Be silent, and adore.

X. GOD's *Wisdom and Power in Creation.*
Job xxvi. 6—14.

- 1 FROM GOD's all-penetrating Eye
What hand can form a screen ?
Since Hell before it open lies,
And Ruin's naked seen.
- 2 Far o'er yon void He stretch'd the North,
But not beyond his call :
His mighty Hand on nothing pois'd
This rolling earthly Ball.
- 3 Within the bosom of his cloud
The upper floods are pent ;
Nor are those cisterns of the Sky
By all those waters rent.
- 4 The face of his resplendent Throne
He sometimes turns aside,
And draws the mantling clouds around
Its dazzling Beams to hide.
- 5 He strongly hemm'd the Waters in
With the incircling Shore
Rear'd high around,—till Day and Night
Shall show their face no more.

- 6 Heav'n's Pillars on their mighty Base
Oft tremble at his look ;
With deep astonishment they shake
Before his stern rebuke.
- 7 By matchless Pow'r He parts the Sea,
Her angry waves divides ;
And o'er the stiffen'd neck of Pride
In Godlike pomp He rides.
- 8 His Spirit garnish'd out the sky,
And skirts the cloud with gold ;
His Hand the crooked serpent form'd,
And taught each Joint to fold.
- 9 These are the samples of his ways,
The hiding of his Might :
But Oh ! how small a portion here
Appears to mortal sight !

XI. *GOD's providential Care of the
Creatures. Luke xii. 7.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE Wisdom holds the Reins
Of Nature's wide Domain :
Beneath his far-extended Sway
Earth, Air and Sea remain.
- 2 His Eye the grassy spires surveys,
Each in its vesture drest,
All dy'd of light or deeper Green
As suits their stations best.
- 3 The Lilies in fair liv'ries rob'd
The Tyrian Dye exceed ;

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Their leaves are spun by Hand divine,
Of toil they know no need.

4 The Sparrows chirping on the boughs
Attract his watchful Eye ;
He serves their food, and spreads their
When thro' his air they fly. | wings

5 And will the RULER of the World
Forget frail Reason's Wants,
Who to mean Birds and speechless herbs
Immense Profusion grants ?

6 Do all these low unreas'ning tribes
On Heav'n still fix the eye ?
And shall distrustful Man alone
Its gracious Care deny ?

7 To Man its kind regards extend,
For him its hand provides ;
While it conducts o'er waves of time,
His bark in safety rides.

8 What tho' thick mists around thy path
Awhile each prospect hide,
Not less is Love thy constant Guard,
Or Providence thy Guide.

9 Tho' earthly Comforts slowly melt,
Or in an instant thaw ;
'Tis impious e'en in thought t' impeach
Kind Heav'n's unerring Law.

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XII. *The unwearied Care of GOD for his People.* Ifai. xl. 27—31.

- 1 **W**HY, *Jacob*, did that grating sound
Once from thy lips proceed ?
That He, who rules the upper Worlds,
Of Man takes little heed ?
- 2 How could that monstrous thought be
That Acts secreted lie [hatch'd,
From his broad Eye, whose slightest glance
Pervades Immensity ?
- 3 Who knows not that th' eternal GOD
Who join'd Earth's utmost ends,
No eve, beneath a load of cares
His wearied Shoulder bends ?
- 4 He faints not in the blaze of Day;
Nor at Night's midnight hour
Needs gentle sleep around his Head
Its balmy blessings pour.
- 5 With might the feeble He inspires,
And cheers their drooping minds ;
From Him the lifeless fainting Soul
The new-born vigor finds.
- 6 Amid the sprightliest bloom of youth
Man's Goodliness is frail ;
Yea, when the cheek with Beauty glows
The youthful Heart may fail.
- 7 But those, who on a GOD rely,
In strength shall hourly thrive,
Till at a high angelic pitch
Their tow'ring souls arrive.

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8 To brighter Realms they soar aloft
As borne on Eagle's wings,
Still with unceasing ardor pant
To reach the KING OF KINGS.

9 Unwearied in the paths of Grace
Each cheerful Morn they run,
Nor for the thorns that line the road
Their duty seek to shun.

10 With steady footsteps on they move
Where Heav'n points out the way,
Nor shall their Spirits faint or fail
Throughout Life's toilsome Day.

XIII. *A View of Providence, or GOD's un-
exhausted Bounties.* Plal. cxlv. 15.

1 **H**OW large must be those upper springs
That never yet ran dry,
Tho' from their streams unnumber'd
Still meet a rich supply. [Worlds

2 Large crops each season sure must wave
O'er the celestial Field ;
To human and angelic bands
They rich profusion yield.

3 Each eye intently looks to Him
Whose highest Name is, GOOD ;
Who from his wide all-bounteous Hand
Serves up to each his food.

4 Th' attendants on his upper Courts
Still on his Smile depend ;

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New Raptures on each glad'ning beam
Full on their heads descend.

- 5 The countless Tenants of our Globe
His plenteous Bounty fills,
And hunger's craving restless voice
From day to day he stills.
- 6 Man at his royal Table feeds
Who each repast provides ;
And ev'ry stream that sweetens life
Thro' his wide Channel glides.
- 7 The feather'd Choirs in tuneful notes
Chaunt loud their num'rous wants ;
He knows the warbling songsters' wish,
Their suits all-cheerful grants.
- 8 Nor forgotten are the Tribes
That round the Forest howl ;
He knows what language they pronounce
When for the prey they growl.
- 9 The Classes chain'd beneath the Flood
Their needs can barely spell,
And yet they hourly find supplies
Of wants they cannot tell.
- 10 Th' unnat'ral Ostrich leaves her Young,
The charge devolves on GOD ;
His wing o'erspreads the orphan brood
Till meet to fly abroad.

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XIV. *The Creatures invited to praise their Maker.* Psal. cxlviii. 2. 3, 7, 8, 9, 10.

- 1 **Y**E Hosts above, deep-vers'd in Song,
Begin JEHOVAH's praise,
And all the Universe shall join
Their humble grateful Lays.
- 2 Thou radiant Sun, whose dazzling look
Thy MAKER speaks divine,
Tell loud his Glories in thy tour,
And in his Splendors shine.
- 3 Thou Queen of Night, from slumbers
Heav'n's clouded roof ascend, [wake,
And while thou journey'st thro' the skies
To loftiest notes attend.
- 4 Ye nightly Spies, that constant gaze
On Man's dark midnight way;
And uncourageous fly the field
At sight of distant day:
- 5 Trim well your Lamps, and pour fresh
In Bosom of the Night; [Rays
Proclaim his Pow'r, whose wasteless oil
Feeds your faint trembling light.
- 6 Ye Dwellers mid the tuneful Grove,
Sing sweet in quiv'ring strain;
And let the shady arbors round
Your echoing notes retain.
- 7 Ye Tenants of the flowry Mead
That o'er wide pastures low,
Join in loud concert to the GOD
Who bids that herbage grow.

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- 8 Ye Lions, roar aloud his Praise
Who to your howl gives ear,
Thro' all the thickets sound his fame
That Forests wide may hear.
- 9 Ye scaly Nations, as you swim
Along the Indian shore,
Proclaim our GOD to darken'd Tribes
Who starry Hosts adore.
- 10 Ye reptile Crowds that crawl along
His sov'reign Pow'r declare,
Who for your puny atom tribes
Shews still peculiar care.
- 11 Praise Him, ye hoarse rebellious Waves,
That foam with rage around,
Who forms your rough tremendous voice
To raise th' affrighting sound.
- 12 Ye lawless Winds, that from your jaws
Oft throw the reins aside,
Praise Him with blust'ring noise, who
Upon your Wings to ride. [deigns
- 13 Ye Lightnings, glance along the air,
Extend JEHOVAH's fame;
And let the Thunders, as they roll,
Still dwell upon his Name.
- 14 Thou Earth, whose Bosom for Man's
Heaves the deep-utter'd groan, [Guilt
With mournful notes his Glories raise
In that dismaying tone.

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XV. GOD *glorious in the Vicissitudes of the Seasons.* Psal. cxlvii. 16—18.

- 1 O ! How capacious is that Hand
The hoary frost that sows !
Which thro' its fingers brews the Rain,
And scatters wide the Snows !
- 2 How great that GOD, who claps his lock
Far on the Northern wave !
Beneath strong Doors can bolt them down
When lawless Billows rave !
- 3 The lengthen'd furrows o'er the plain
In icy chains He binds ;
The brook arrested in its course
No more its path-way finds.
- 4 The bright-hued Snow is ting'd above
In Clouds of blackest dye ;
That darksome fleece those carpets yields
Which o'er the mountains lie.
- 5 In yonder Sky He sets his forge,
And rounded Hail-stones forms ;
And when those Magazines are full,
He tunes impetuous Storms.
- 6 If to the frozen North he call,
And prison'd Winds unfold,
Who dares to meet the roaring blast ?
Or stand before his cold ?
- 7 Behold the Mountain's brow all o'er
With crystal fringes clad ;
And all the Shrubs, of leaves dispoil'd,
Around with powd'rings spread.

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- 8 He breathes, and o'er the furrow'd plain
The chains asunder cleave ;
He bares the surface of the deep,
And frees the bolted wave.
- 9 He breathes, and lo ! dead Nature lives,
And wears a smiling hue ;
Now from the wardrobe of her GOD
Begins to dress anew.

XVI. *GOD's Delight to communicate Goodness, or Judgment his strange Work.*
Psal. xxx. 5.

- 1 **T**O summon into happy Life
Is the Delight of GOD,
And then from his almighty Hand
With copious favors load.
- 2 From Him high uncomputed Bliss
Thro' plenteous Channels streams ;
Yet still around his radiant Throne
The stronger Glory beams.
- 3 Mid' purest Transports He creates,
With Joy his Offspring clothes ;
To strip them of their borrow'd Bliss
Th' eternal GODHEAD lothes.
- 4 To view the Creatures of his Love
Exulting in his Might,
Is sure to Heav'n's exalted KING
The most delightful Sight.
- 5 How well it suits a DEITY
To bid his Goodness flow !

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And make those Beings blest with Life
His Godlike Love to know !

6 In Bosom of Omnipotence
Transcendant Raptures rise,
While Myriads of adoring Worlds
His piercing Eye descries.

7 But Oh ! when Justice must have place,
And Mercy's rule suspend,
If for the honor of his Crown
He needs his Bow to bend ;

8 How loth to fit it to the strings !
Slow, slow his Arrows fly ;
And oft, before they reach the Mark,
Divine Resentments die.

9 Nay when He lifts the chast'ning scourge,
The Patient well may say,
" He's unaccustom'd to the work,
" And wishes to delay."

10 The needful Judgment to dispense
Is his strange Act confest ;
A moment, and his wrath is o'er ;—
In Blessing ever blest.

XVII. *The Patience and Mercy of GOD
towards the Wicked.* Hab. i. 13—15.

1 **H**OW can a Sin-aborring GOD
Iniquity behold ?
And like unmov'd Spectator seem
When Vice is grown so bold ?

- 2 Can Truth eternal see deceit
Her double visage wear ?
And hollow-hearted treach'rous Man
The mask of Friendship bear ?
- 3 How can strict Justice hold its Tongue
And wrapt in silence stand,
When bold Invaders of its Rights
Are joining hand in hand ?
- 4 Can thus thy Arm of Vengeance hang
Unstretched by thy side,
When impious crowds, to tear the Just,
Their mouths are op'ning wide ?
- 5 Oft lawless Pow'r decides the strife ;
The weaker feed the strong ;
Like as the Monsters of the deep
The finny tribes among.
- 6 As reptiles oft devour their mates,
Man swallows down his Kind :
The cords of Right, by Thee ordain'd,
Thy Rebels do not bind.
- 7 How well they bait the treach'rous hook,
And sily set their gin !
Impatient till the net inclose
Their human prey within.
- 8 'Tis Mercy's day, else Justice' Hand
Would not its Blow restrain ;
Omniscience sees their End approach,
And counts their projects vain.

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- 9 Each causeless groan will soon be paid
Full twice ten thousand fold ;
When all the Just are rapt in Bliss
By human Tongues untold.

XVIII. *The Inscrutableness of GOD's
Judgments.* Psal. xcvi. 2.

- 1 **L**ET no repining Thought arise
If Vice all-prosp'rous bloom,
Tho' Virtue for a season dwell
Beneath the prison'd gloom.
- 2 Pronounce not on the Ways of Heav'n,
Nor tax its deep-laid plan :
It far transcends a mortal's skill
Those awful Schemes to scan.
- 3 Oft Darkness veils JEHOVAH's Throne,
His Steps are wrapt in shade ;
On his Procedure here below
Impervious mists are spread.
- 4 Oft while the Just in Dungeons pine
He seems not to draw nigh ;
And while bold foes insult his Crown,
He stands regardless by.
- 5 While Justice weighs their diff'rent fates,
It holds an even scale ;
Yet seems alike to friends and foes
These cross events to deal.
- 6 Of temp'ral good the impious throng
Have oft the largest share,

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While to the Few by Heav'n approv'd
Their portion is but spare.

7 Dare not misconstrue then, frail Man,
Where Reason's line may fail;
Be patient till the Day of GOD
Discuss the ^{just} ~~great~~ Appeal.

8 That hour a bright meridian Beam
Each cloudy scene shall light,
And snatch the dark events of time
From mid-surrounding Night.

9 Soon will the providential Chain
Its various links unfold;
Then of its seeming ravel'd Acts
The Causes will be told.

10 Then Wisdom shall in Triumph march,
And her full charms display;
All Heav'n her Lustre shall admire
In that decisive Day.

XIX. *On the same Subject.*

IN Darkneſs oft our GOD reſides,
Amid thick Clouds He dwells;
The Whirlwind's dreadful voice at times
Of his Approaches tells.

Still Juſtice his Pavilion round,
Has ever awful ſhone,
And Judgment's deep perpetual keeps
The Pillars of his Throne.

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- 3 His Goings forth have been of old,
While Mercy pay'd his Road ;
Bright Truth adorn'd his radiant Train,
And spread his Fame abroad.
- 4 To trace the Footsteps of a GOD
In vain we Mortals try,
Till Doomsday light his secret Paths,
And bid these shadows fly.
- 5 Then may we find why oft his Yoke
The patient shoulder galls,
And why so oft around the Just
The bolt of Thunder falls.
- 6 Then Vice shall cease its Triumphs bold,
And Equity prevail ;
Nor from among the Sons of Men
Shall Truth or Judgment fail.
- 7 Then shall the Providential Scheme
In brightest Lustre shine ;
Time's darkeſt Acts, to grace that Day,
Shall in one Blaze combine.
- 8 'Tis but a ſide-view of this Plan
Frail Worms can now behold,
Till Secrets hid from Angels' ken
Its teeming Womb unfold.
- 9 No more th' Oppreſſor's ſharpen'd Rod
The harmleſs Head ſhall ſmite ;
Nor injur'd Virtue want a Friend
Her Inſults to requite,

XX. *GOD's Guidance of Israel, and Destruction of their Enemies.* Psal. cxiv. 5.

- 1 **W**HAT thus affrights the Memphian
Sea,
And turns its Stream aside ?
What makes its waters thus to flee,
And wave o'er wave to ride ?
- 2 Behold her wat'ry Bosom rends,
The Channels rise to view ?
And all the Monsters of the Deep
A strange appearance shew.
- 3 No wonder Ocean's Bed should start
At such alarming sight ;
On yonder cloud the HIGHEST sits
Array'd in Robes of Light.
- 4 On Israel's Tribes He darts around
Unfufferable Day,
From his Pavilion on their Foes
Black Midnight horrors play.
- 5 Along the deeply-furrow'd Wave
He deigns the Lamp to bear ;
He guides his People thro' the Deep,
And hushes ev'ry fear.
- 6 The liquid Mountains on each hand
Hedge in the wondrous road ;
Beneath such walls 'twas good to move
Behind their Leader GOD.
- 7 Aw'd by an Eye from yonder Throne
The Waves obedient stand,

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Soon as on high the Signal shows,
They turn at his Command.

8 How quick they in his Quarrel rise !
On Pagan hosts they run ;
In vain the haughty Monarch strives
A watry grave to shun.

9 No Angel needs to brandish high
The glitt'ring Spear of Death ;
In deepest rage the Waters roll,
And close their flitting Breath.

10 How great that GOD who reins the
No shelter but his Wing : [Floods !
No Insect crawls, but at his Nod
Can swift Destruction bring.

XXI. *The Delivery of the Law on Mount Sinai.* Exod. xix. 18, 19.

1 **L**O! Earth all o'er convulsive shakes,
Her trembling bosom throbs ;
These startlings shew her deep affright,
The heaving Mountain sobs.

2 The tallest cliffs now nod their heads,
The humbler summits bow ;
While spreading Rocks astonish'd quake
Thro' all the vales below.

3 How just, when Heav'n throws wide its
To let our GOD descend ! [Doors
Who midst unfathom'd Glories thron'd
Yet earthward seems to tend.

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- 4 The rattling Thunders tune their Voice,
And roar his praise aloud ;
The forked Lightnings glance full bright
From mid the bursting cloud.
- 5 While godlike splendors beam too strong
For human sight to view,
He with thick darkness veil'd his Throne,
And all its Curtains drew.
- 6 The Trump his Errand now proclaims,
Heav'n's Host attends around ;
He speaks—Hell's deepest caverns hear,
And at his Word rebound.
- 7 Myriads beneath the fiery Mount
In pensive clusters stand ;
Each trembling Soul in silence waits
JEHOVAH's high Command.
- 8 Increasing Terrors of a GOD
Their panic Bosoms fill,
While louder and still louder Notes
Pour forth th' enormous Peal.
- 9 If Nature's Pulse once beat so strong
When Heav'n proclaim'd its Law,
The Glories of the last great Day
What mortal Pen can draw ?
- 10 O may I now with Awe receive
These mandates of the Sky,
That, when Earth's moulder'd Fabric
My Soul may mount on high. [sinks,

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XXII. *The Mercies of GOD to Mankind.*
Isai. i. 2.

- 1 **S**URROUNDING Heav'ns, to Silence
Attend a speaking GOD, [hush,
Who from fair Zion's tow'ring heights,
Now pours his Voice abroad.
- 2 Earth too, regard the awful Charge,
Let all thy Vales resound,
And, when thy Deeds of Shame are told,
Let Grief unfeign'd abound.
- 3 I, Nature's Parent, rais'd yon Race
With kind indulgent care,
Nor did I on their various Tribes
Heav'n's choicest Blessings spare.
- 4 Long on the breasts of Mercy fed,
And in its arms embrac'd,
I daily still'd their new-born sighs,
And hush'd their fears to rest.
- 5 Mine Eye unmoving stood their Guard,
And look'd all harms aside;
Beneath my warm wide-spreading Wing
Their Hearts did safe abide.
- 6 If with the gath'ring storm appal'd
They rais'd a feeble cry,
E'er from the lips the wish escap'd
I sav'd them from on high.
- 7 Each moment posting o'er their heads,
Can still fresh boons attest;
And still my Storehouse open stands
To yield them what is best.

- 8 Day's glorious Lamp, high-fill'd with oil,
 For their behoof I light;
 To guide their steps, o'er Heav'n's broad
 I kindle Fires of Night. [hearth
- 9 I fitted Earth at vast expence
 To be their transient home,
 Till train'd to join the glorious Hosts
 In Heav'n's eternal Dome.
- 10 To share with me unending Joys
 I form'd immortal Man,
 To taste the Bliss laid up above
 E'er Time its course began.
-

THE FALL OF MAN.

XXIII. *Men's Ingratitude to GOD.*

Isai. 1. 2.

- 1 **B**UT, Ah ingrate! the favor'd Race
 Against me lift the heel;
 And for the Mercies ceaseless pour'd
 No kind emotions feel.
- 2 My Cords of Love in vain with-hold,
 They cut these gentle Bands;
 Their necks refuse my easy Yoke,
 They spurn my mild commands.
- 3 How oft I seek to win their Hearts!
 Yet feel their Bosoms cold;
 Tho' to all else their op'ning minds
 Their various Pow'rs unfold.

- 4 They cautious shun the Path I mark,
From my Embraces fly ;
Disdain the Promise of a GOD,
And all my Threats defy.
- 5 Yet still unflush'd with conscious Shame,
Their brows how high they bear !
And headlong down the steep of Vice
They rush with mad career.
- 6 The lowing Ox that chews the Cud
His Owner watchful heeds ;
The dullest of that brutal herd
Will lick the hand that feeds.
- 7 The Ass that knows his Master's Crib,
And o'er the Fodder brays,
Content his daily pittance takes,
Nor from the manger strays.
- 8 While Men, that rose beneath my Hand,
Their OWNER do not know ;
Nor to the Fountain of their Breath
Does grateful Homage flow.
- 9 Allegiance due to Heav'n's bright Crown
With hands uplifted sworn,
Yet that to yield, with daring look
Behold ! proud Mortals scorn.
- 10 Because I plunge them not in Woe
They whisper " There's no GOD ;"
Since Judgment sleeps, how oft they
Their impious Scoffs abroad. [pour

- 11 Great GOD, we own the dreadful charge,
 And guilty guilty plead ;
 But Oh ! for JESUS' sake forgive,
 Who suffer'd in our stead.

XXIV. *The Corruption and Misery of Man.*
 Eccl. vii. 29.

- 1 ILL-boding Guilt with restless din
 Man's Breast acutely stings ;
 The bubbling of its poison'd Source
 Fresh pangs of Horror brings.
- 2 Beneath a bright transparent Sky
 Once his glad hours did glide ;
 Till from his GOD in fatal Hour
 His footsteps turn'd aside.
- 3 Since pale-hued Dread, and sad'ning
 In human Bosoms brood ; [Grief
 And thousand ills of various forms
 Beset Life's toilsome Road.
- 4 Peace fledg'd her Wings that cheerless
 Morn,
 And from our World took flight ;
 Uneasy murmurs seiz'd her place,
 And usher'd hopeless Night.
- 5 E'er since poor Man, or soon or late
 Within dire Tossings feels ;
 While hoisted on Guilt's roaring Surge
 From wave to wave he reels.
- 6 Tho' for an instant Clouds subside,
 And Hope's bright Rays survene ;

- Few Suns will rise e'er recent Crimes
Will blot the brighten'd Scene.
- 7 From Lake of Sense perpetual mists
O'er Reason's Sky arise ;
And from Hell's wide infernal Gulph
The steam still upward flies.
- 8 How sharp the Pangs Remorse creates
In spite all Arts we try !
Dread Tortures rack the Monarch's breast
While all his Guards stand by.
- 9 Strong-scented Cordials Art prepares
To ease the growing pain,
Alas ! the Patient still complains,
" These remedies are vain."
- 10 To cheer this sad unpleasant hour
Mirth oft her taper lights,
But Oh ! its melancholy ray
The scene but more benights.
- 11 At times Man tries Remorse to bribe,
For years believes it done ;
But still the Throes redoubled rise
When Life's dark shades are gone.
- 12 'Tis then the Monster all enrag'd
Full on his Vitals preys ;
And black Despair wide hov'ring round
His latest Hope betrays.

XXV. *Weeping over the World lying in Wickedness.* Psal. cxix. 136.

1 **B**EHOLD this low benighted World
Hung round with sighs of Woe ;
No Wonder, if unbidden Tears
From ev'ry Eye-lid flow.

2 See Him, whom Hosts on high adore,
By puny Worms forgot ;
Who mind not that his awful Doom
Decides their endless Lot.

3 That Name, on which the Seraph dwells,
See them each hour profane ;
Their stiffen'd Knees in pray'r to bend
They scornfully disdain.

4 JESUS, dear JESUS! how He's mock'd!
Behold afresh his Wounds :
'Gainst Him with horrid Blasphemies
The sadden'd Air resounds.

5 The human Nature clad in shame
O ! weep in plaintive tone :
While Reason suffers gross abuse
Degraded from her Throne.

6 GOD's World at high expence maintain'd
Is Stage for acting ill ;
Men ev'ry room of this wide house
With gross Disorders fill.

7 See wretched Mortals fearless tread
On Hell's deceitful brink,

E

Tho' mid the dread infernal Waves
Vast numbers hourly sink.

8 More dismal still that Thousands round
The Scene with Coldness view ;
Tho' Sights like these from that BLEST
The briny currents drew. [Eye

9 Ye Friends of Heav'n, sow thick in tears,
And soon your Seed shall spring,
Which to your Arms full sheaves of Joy
Shall in due season bring.

10 With dewy Eyes behold these Wrongs,
These num'rous Deeds bemoan :
Soon will your cheeks be wiped dry,
When Time's few Hours are gone.

XXVI. *The Vanity and Folly of human Life.*
Eccl. xi. 8.

1 **W**HAT Risques attend the Race of
Ills hover o'er each stage ; | Life !
Toys waste Man's Youth, and Cares his
Pains seize his hoary Age. [Prime,

2 When first he mounts Life's wheeling car,
Full fast awhile he drives ;
High-flush'd with Hope, of fancied Bliss
To reach the Goal he strives.

3 Regardless of the royal Path
Hedg'd in by Heav'n's Command,
He leaps it o'er, and eager flies
O'er Pleasure's fairy Land.

- 4 Oft smiling at the sacred Page
That counts Earth's Baubles vain,
That stamps rank Folly on its Joys,
On its best Blessings, Pain.
- 5 But soon Himself the Truth attests,
For Pleasure meets a cross;
Ore on forbidden Ground pick'd up
Tho' glitt'ring melts to dross.
- 6 O! while the Cheek glows warm with
Youth,
Mark well the lurking Snare;
A thousand objects may beguile,
E'en when they look most fair.
- 7 Think not of Joys unmixt to taste
Where Vice and Folly rove;
Delights all pure perfume the steps
Of Wisdom and of Love.
- 8 Mind well that hoary Hairs may grow
In no much-wish'd for time,
And take their color from the Life
Thou lead'st in this thy Prime.
- 9 Yes, think, that when Time's Scenes are
Eternity succeeds, [fled,
Which sings or howls, as now thy Youth
Life's great Transaction heeds.

XXVII. *Men honoured above Angels.*
 Heb. ii. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN human and angelic Frames
 Were wreck'd on yonder Shore,
 And Billows of eternal Wrath
 Approach'd with hideous Roar;
- 2 IMMANUEL from his radiant Throne
 Beheld with piteous Eye,
 And from th' unmeasur'd Eminence
 To rescue them drew nigh.
- 3 Angelic Armies in suspense
 But guess'd his high Intent;
 To dive in quest of Heav'n's lost Gems
 They hop'd his Course was bent.
- 4 What wonder rose when those bright stars
 He past unheeded by,
 And yet to snatch Men's shipwreck'd
 On wide-spread Wing did fly! [Souls
- 5 To waft these Objects of his Love
 To Safety's distant Land,
 Of Ruin's fiery swelling Flood
 Himself the Shock must stand.
- 6 Not in all Nature grows that Tree
 From whence the Plank to shape,
 On which from black Perdition's Wave
 Immortal Souls may leap.
- 7 What Joy possess'd the Seraph's Breast
 To hear IMMANUEL say,

That He to save these human Waifs
The glorious Plan would lay.

8 O! whence could spring that Love divine
Which flam'd so wondrous high,
When He plung'd deep for Worms of
And let lost Angels lie? [Earth,

9 In scales of true intrinsic Worth
Their Natures weightiest prove:
Not so He weigh'd;—but hung the beam
Of pure, of sov'reign Love.

10 O Man! O Man! high-prized Man!
That wondrous Hour review;
To Him that sav'd our worthless Race,
Say, what from thee is due.

11 Sure 'tis unmeet such matchless Grace
Should be repaid with Scorn:
See Angels cast, and JESUS deign
To be of Woman born.

XXVIII. *Redemption an Object of Wonder
and Praise to the Angels, and an Act of stu-
pendous Mercy. Luke ii. 13.*

1 **M**ESSIAH's Errand to our World
How worthy of a GOD!
To lift us from the brink of Woe
He pav'd the downward Road.

2 Altho' bright Ranks in Paradise
Saw pensive his Descent,
As if to drown a guilty World
He had been thither sent.

- 3 They fear'd that from Creation's Map
He meant this Earth to blot,
Beneath a Deluge of his Wrath
To overwhelm the puny spot.
- 4 But Oh! what joyous sparkling Beams
Soon darted from each Eye,
When bid to tune their golden Harps,
And sing Salvation high!
- 5 To deal Destruction's mighty Blow
How far from his Intent!
To snatch from black Perdition's Jaws
His Soul was ceaseless bent.
- 6 All thy blest Acts, O JESUS, prove
Thou cam'st not to destroy;
To sprinkle Mercy's show'rs around
Is thy belov'd Employ.
- 7 Whoe'er beheld the Lightning's glare
Once at thy bidding fly?
Not when Attendants warm with Zeal
For Vengeance loudly cry.
- 8 Not all Men's outrages heap'd up
Did once thy Wrath provoke;
No day perceiv'd thy Sword unsheath'd
To deal the vengeful Stroke.
- 9 When did thy trembling Foes expire
Beneath thy smiting Hand,
Tho' oft thy blessed Footsteps trod
Amid th' insulting Band?

REDEMPTION.

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XXIX. *Redemption by Christ, or the Day-spring from on high visiting a benighted World. Luke i. 78.*

- 1 **I**N grateful Strains that GOD adore
Who wakes the Star of Day,
To shew to our benighted World
The Sun's approaching Ray.
- 2 How cheerless were perpetual Night
With all its mantling Gloom!
If still in black these Skies were hung
Above Earth's dusky Room.
- 3 But still far darker hangings drew
The human Mind around,
When o'er its midnight-color'd face
Not one bright Beam was found.
- 4 But tongues of Men will sound too low
To utter half his Praise,
Who over Beth'lem, fam'd of old,
The MORNING STAR did raise.
- 5 Aloft on swelling Surges pois'd
How fearless Man did roll!
What Rocks of Ruin spread around
To dash th' immortal Soul!
- 6 Till this great Light all Godlike rose,
No friendly ray appear'd;
Thick Darkness clad the moral World;
This SUN the Gloom has cheer'd.
- 7 This lights thro' Life's tempestuous Sea
To yon calm peaceful Shore;

Where happy crowds all joyous stand,
Nor dread these Hazards more.

- 8 Had JESUS to those upper Worlds
His cheering Rays confin'd,
Then whither bound, or where to land,
Had pos'd each human Mind.

XXX. *Redemption by the Blood of Christ.*
Rev. i. 5.

- 1 **M**Y Soul in grateful Lays extol
That boundless Source of Love,
Which emptying long, yet brim-ful still
To endless Years shall prove.
- 2 His Praise resound, whose pitying Eye
Descry'd our sinking Race,
Deep plung'd in Guilt, Despair and Shame,
And bought an Act of Grace.
- 3 Far in his side the Sluice was cut
To vent the purple Flood ;
When nought besides could purge our
He wash'd them in his Blood. [Stains
- 4 Behind the chariot-wheels of Sense
He saw bright Reason chain'd,
All mangled o'er with gashing Wounds,
With blackest Spots distain'd :
- 5 He put th' usurping Foe to flight,
And robb'd him of his Prey ;
Bade Reason re-ascend her Throne,
And bear her ancient Sway.

- 6 Men from the Altars of their GOD
Were doom'd to just Exile,
Till He around their guilty Heads
Diffus'd the hallowing Oil.
- 7 Within the Register of Life
Our Names could not be found;
Now in Life's Bundle his blest Hand
Our Souls has strongly bound.
- 8 O Love immense, without a Name!
A Sea without a Shore!
My Thoughts plunge deep in that Abyss
While o'er its Streams I soar.
- 9 O rapt'rous Theme! Heav'n's sweetest
All Nature sound his Praise, [Song!
Ye upper Worlds, with all your Host,
MESSIAH's Glories raise.

XXXI. *The Name of JESUS blessed.*
Psal. lxxii. 17.

- 1 JESUS, the blest eternal Name,
With which Heav'n's Concave rings,
Whose ev'ry mention to its Hosts
Ecstastic Rapture brings.
- 2 Transporting View! when shall I dwell
On that dear joyous Sound?
And Earth's ten thousand thousand
Re-echo it around? [Tongues
- 3 High godlike Deeds shall waft his Fame
Thro' all-surrounding Skies,

- Untarnish'd by the Lapse of Time,
When sick'ning Nature dies.
- 4 The Sun shall of his Circuit tire,
His Blaze thro' age decay ;
His Visage shall grow hoary-hued,
And shed wan-color'd Day.
- 5 The Moon e'er long shall niggard prove
Of her clear silver beams,
And with a sparing hand pour forth
Her borrow'd midnight streams.
- 6 Then Crowns of amaranthine hue
Shall JESUS' Brow adorn,
Whence Lustre unconceiv'd shall dart
To dim Time's brightest Morn.
- 7 From his wide ever-teeming Stores
The Blessing shall descend ;
And Nations yet in Time's dark Womb
Low at his Footstool bend.
- 8 Far distant Kings from Earth redeem'd,
To Him their Vows shall pay ;
And hold their Sceptres of his Hand,
Their everlasting STAY.
- 9 While the blest Name, by Heav'n ador'd,
Their Songs of Praise shall swell,
Eternity, thro' all its rounds,
Shall his full Glories tell.
- 10 O may his Fame this Earth surround,
Let Men with one Accord
From Age to Age, in loftiest Strains,
Extol th' incarnate WORD.

XXXII. *GOD weighs the Fates of Mankind, or Mercy rejoicing against Judgment.*

Isai. xxvi. 7. James ii. 13.

- 1 **O** Thou, who with impartial Hand
Weigh'st Man's depending Fate,
And in the twinkling of an Eye
Decid'st his changeless State ;
- 2 I dread to see thy Beam hung up,
And Worlds call'd in to view,
That Thou to countless Myriads round
May yield their rightful due.
- 3 When try'd 'gainst Weights, by Justice
My Soul will prove too light, [stamp't,
If in the Balance counterpois'd
With strict eternal Right.
- 4 Let smiling Mercy stretch its Arm,
And hold these even Scales ;
Still throwing in the other Grain
When on my side it fails.
- 5 Let not strict Justice interfere ;
May Pity judge the Cause ;
And soften by its gracious Doom
Heav'n's unabating Laws.
- 6 Yea, rather Thou, Man's warmest Friend,
Thou, JESUS, deign t'attend ;
And, when that Hour of Trial strikes,
Give an expected End.
- 7 When in the Sight of yonder JUDGE
Our wanting Race was weigh'd,

- Thou threw'st thyself into the Scales
Which all Defects supplied.
- 8 Thou metedst out Heav'n's full Demands
From Measures running o'er,
And from that Storehouse near thy Heart
The needful Stream didst pour.
- 9 What lacks in me, (Ah! all is lack,)
Almighty FRIEND, supply;
Since rightful Claims are all paid off,
Forbid me, LORD, to die.
- 10 Each Bosom but thy own prov'd cold
When Man a Captive lay;
None but Thyself had Heart or Hand
His Ransom-price to pay.
- 11 Wean'd from all else, to Thee I fly,
O stretch thy shelt'ring Wing:
And let that Name, by all ador'd,
To me Salvation bring.

XXXIII. *The everlasting Love of Christ.*
Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **I**MMANUEL's Love, the Seraph's
Be still my rapt'rous Theme, [Song,
With the celestial Choirs above
I'll lip the SAVIOUR's Name.
- 2 But that wide Sea of endless Love
No Depth of Thought can sound!
Ah! who shall reach th' unbounded
Its vast Extent go round? | Shore?

- 3 Its warm Spring tide began to swell
 Long e'er Earth's Deep was swath'd ;
 Its Current smoothly onward flow'd
 E'er the Sun's Course was path'd.
- 4 E'er infant Time had seen the Light;
 Or earliest breath had drawn,
 From Love's blest Source the warming
 On human kind did dawn. [Rays
- 5 Long e'er the everlasting Hills
 Rear'd their proud Heads on high,
 He register'd his Love to Man
 In Volumes of the Sky.
- 6 When in deep non-existence' vale
 Our Race yet slumbring lay,
 He heedful watch'd our future fate
 Th' impending Doom to stay.
- 7 Th' eternal Rolls will vouch his Love,
 And shew bright Lines of Grace,
 Drawn deep by his eternal Pen,
 E'er Nature shew'd her face.
- 8 The Contract, seal'd by Blood divine,
 Bears for its Title LOVE;
 That Charter of Man's fair Estate
 Kept in the world above.
- 9 The counterpart in Page inspir'd
 Breathes warm of Love divine;
 Its Characters on high engrav'd
 With heav'nly Lustre shine.

- 10 No wonder, brightest Seraphs sloop
 From their fair seats on high,
 Into this scheme with Love wrapt round
 With eager Eyes to pry.
- 11 O! for seraphic warmth to reach
 Loud Anthems round his Throne,
 Who deign'd to leave th' angelic Song
 Our deep-dy'd Guilt t'atone.
-

SCRIPTURE CALLS TO REPEN-
 TANCE, INVITATIONS AND PRO-
 MISES.

XXXIV. *GOD not the Author of Man's
 Misery, or Man's Destruction of Himself.*
 James i. 13.

- 1 **L**O! Mortals with unslacken'd Pace
 To endless Ruin speed;
 Yet oft to my divine Decree
 Impute the horrid Deed;
- 2 Thus with an impious mouth they tax
 My mild eternal Sway;
 The ruin of Immortal Souls
 On me presumptuous lay.
- 3 But Oh! how false that groundless charge
 Those shining Ranks can tell,
 Who on these everlasting Hills
 Mid endless Raptures dwell.

- 4 They see my strong unwearied Arms
To clasp their Souls spread wide ;
But from my fond, my warm Embrace
Blind Mortals turn aside.
- 5 Each Art that suits the Sons of Choice
On stubborn Minds I try ;
Yet from the peaceful Paths of Right
In quest of joys they fly.
- 6 To clip their wings by its Decree
Kind Heav'n abhors the fact,
And warmly urges Pow'r divine
To aid them into act.
- 7 By Reason's early gross abuse
They stop their tardy flight ;
By trav'ling long the ways of Ill
They cannot find the Right.
- 8 Of human Woe then how unjust
That Heav'n should bear the blame !
Too late, alas ! they own their fault
When doom'd to endless Shame.

XXXV. GOD's *Call to Sinners to repent.*
Prov. viii. 4.

- 1 **D**ELUDED Mortals, stop your Pace,
Who from a Saviour turn ;
Who still his easy joyous Paths
With hasty footsteps shun.
- 2 From Him who gave and holds thy breath
How impious thus to stray !

- And when He sweetly thus upbraids,
How base to answer, nay !
- 3 Haste Man, beneath his shelt'ring Wing
Thy guilty Head to hide ;
Then, when thou see'st dissolving Worlds,
Secure thou shalt abide.
- 4 His Bosom, where the Seraph lies,
For thankless Mortals glows ;
What godlike Pity, yearning strong,
His tender Heart still knows !
- 5 Bent from his radiant Throne He calls,
And must He sue in vain ?
Hell trembles at his distant Frown,
Nor dares his Nod disdain.
- 6 He calls, who tunes the Thunder's voice,
Whose Breath with equal ease
Can bid Creation's Pulse beat high,
Or at an Instant cease.
- 7 By softest Breathings thro' thy Soul
He bids thy footsteps turn,
Who could within thy tortur'd Breast
Make Hell's black Horrors burn.
- 8 Mid' fanning gales of Love divine
Mercy's mild Accents flow ;
Each Blessing cries aloud, " Submit,
" And at his Footstool bow."
- 9 Soon will He call in louder Tone,
And speak thro' all the Soul ;
Dread Torrents of Almighty Wrath
Around his Foes shall roll.

XXXVI. *The Sinner exhorted to give his Heart to GOD.* Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 **W**HY Thus along the gaudy Stream
Of Pleasure thoughtless glide ?
Tho' joyful on its Wave thou float,
'Tis but a frothy Tide.
- 2 To the unles's'ning Spring of Life
Strive upward to ascend ;
To an expostulating GOD
With patient Ear attend.
- 3 Within thy Heart's close-folding Doors
Hung by his mighty Hand,
Heav'n's glorious KING to pitch his Tent
Has giv'n the high Command.
- 4 Long at the Threshold of thy Soul
For entrance He has sued ;
By gentle Knocks oft touch'd its Gate,
And gracious Calls renew'd.
- 5 His Throne with circling Splendors
Bears his Pavilion high ; [wreath'd
Yet for that homely Lodge, thy Heart,
How long He deigns to cry !
- 6 Low-bending on thy suppliant Knee
This mean apartment yield ;
Let JESUS there with princely Hand
His righteous Sceptre wield.
- 7 Conduct thy blest incarnate GOD
To this his lov'd Abode ;

Soon to fair Mansions in the Skies
He'll mark thy shining Road.

- 8 E'erlong He'll bid the crystal Ports
Their golden Valves disclose ;
Then with his Flock in Life's fair Fold
In peace shalt thou repose.

XXXVII. *Expostulation with Sinners, and
Invitation to partake of the rich Blessings of
the Gospel.* Isai. lv. 2.

- 1 **W**HY wasted thus your golden Hours
In this low toilsome Chace ?
Since disappointment marks each step,
Why still pursue the Race ?
- 2 On Pleasure's smooth alluring Stream
Your Bark triumphant fails ;
Yet still the Shore of true Content
Your expectation fails.
- 3 O why unblushing thus exchange
Your Soul, your very all,
For Joys, that like a Phantom fled,
No Time will e'er recall ?
- 4 Ye Fools, who pant the live-long Day
For some refreshing Draught,
Yet ne'er to this Spring-Head repair
With cooling waters fraught.
- 5 Thence Streams of Life perennial flow,
Archangels drink their fill :
" Hither, ye thirsty Souls draw nigh,
" Come, whosoever will."

- 6 Forfake the dying Springs of Time,
Taste Heav'n's all-cheering Wine;
No more in mournful Tone complain,
Nor mid' such Plenty pine.
- 7 Fear not to meet an empty Breast,
Hence milky Currents glide,
Which unexhausted, undefil'd
To endless Years abide.
- 8 Essay to stretch thy wide Desires,
Give boundless Wishes scope,
That GOD, who sees them soaring high,
Will far exceed thy hope.

XXXVIII. *Encouragement to believe in
Christ, or Antidote against Despair.*
Pfal. xlii. 11.

- 1 **W**HY should these rising Fogs of
Doubt
Thy trembling Soul surround?
Why are its warm and sprightly Pow'rs
In icy Fetters bound?
- 2 Tho' Guilt with its long black-hued Train
Waves round its tort'ring Lash,
And black Despair, from Hell escap'd,
Its inward Horrors flash;
- 3 See Hope full bright with smiles advance
To sweep these Mists away,
That Heav'n upon thy raptur'd fight
May pour a flood of Day:

- 4 Kind Mercy darts a piteous Glance,
And bids thy fears retire ;
Strong beamings of Parental Love
Fresh Light and Life inspire.
- 5 On thee his Bowels fondly yearn,
He longs for thy Return,
His Heart has room for countless worlds,
There Love's pure Ardors burn.
- 6 Dread not He'll spurn thee from his
Or thine Embraces shun : [Throne,
Long has He woo'd thee to his Breast,
Ah ! whither should'st thou run ?
- 7 Unworthy Thought, inspir'd beneath,
That Heav'n will not relent :
Its Hosts, how wakeful for thy Weal,
All on Man's Errands sent.
- 8 Dear, dear He bought thy worthless heart,
For it bore sharpest Pain ;
Will He then thrust it from his Arms,
And shed his Blood in vain ?

XXXIX. *Another on the same Subject.*
Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 **R**EBELLIOUS Mortals doom'd to
Beneath Guilt's awful load, [Woe
Free Pardons come express to Earth
From your relenting GOD.
- 2 Clear up, ye gloomy downcast Brows,
All clouded o'er with Shame,

Th' Indemnity's proclaim'd aloud
In the ETERNAL NAME.

- 3 I, Nature's undisputed HEIR,
My Standard raise on high;
And round a dark despairing world
Bid peaceful Streamers fly.
- 4 All you, whom restless Guilt pursues,
And goads with direful Sting,
To ease your smart, an heav'nly Balm
Behold I downward bring.
- 5 No more in Midnight's sad'ning Ear
Pour unavailing Plaint;
To sooth your Grievs behold your GOD
From Heav'n's high Palace sent.
- 6 Each Bosom pain'd with boding Fears,
Each Heart with Horrors prest,
Throng round my Banners now unfurl'd,
And find their long-sought Rest.
- 7 I'll pluck each rooted Sorrow up
From out the anxious Mind;
Each bold disturber of your Peace
In captive chains I'll bind.
- 8 Tho' countless Ills, each deeply grav'd
In crimson letters stand,
And tho' upon your guilty Front
You wear a Traitor's Brand;
- 9 One dash of my eternal Pen
The dreadful score shall clear;

Those Cheeks besmear'd with Tears and
Shame

Heav'n's brighter Mark shall wear.

- 10 Believe and bury all distrust ;
Behold your day of Grace,
Now let the Mists of black Despair
To brighter Skies give place.

XL. *The Saviour's Invitation.*

John vi. 37.

- 1 **W**HY does the pious Purpose hang
Suspended in the Mind ?
Why these Resolves to serve your GOD
Still scatter'd by the Wind ?
- 2 Why should you dread to meet Repulse
When back to me you turn ?
A Sinner prostrate at my feet
I know not how to spurn.
- 3 Hell cannot shew one tortur'd Wretch
Who met my cold disdain,
And found submissions to my Throne
When true to be but vain.
- That I shake off the Soul that clings
Fast to my faithful Word,
Is an aspersion thrown by Fiends
On their unpitying LORD.
- Was it for Man, distrustful Man,
I bow'd my Head so low,
That, when his stubborn Heart relents,
I then should anger show ?

- 6 'Twas dear I bought th' undying Soul,
That Prize was purchas'd high;
And can I turn from them my Face,
And their Embraces fly?
- 7 E'er since the infancy of Time
Still for their Blifs I wake;
My Foes attempting to reclaim,
Unwilling to forsake.
- 8 My Cheeks were wet with sorrow's dews
O'er my poor Country's fate;
I saw those self-destroyers sink
With infinite regret.
- 9 Can then a trembling Soul despond
While Sorrow's tide o'erflows,
That hears, how still my Heart to Man
With warmest Transports glows?
- 10 To me no profit can it yield
To crush immortal Frames;
What pleasure to behold them tofs
In everlasting Flames?
- 11 O let not rising fears disturb
The humble sorrowing Mind;
In the dear Bosom of its GOD
No coldness it shall find.
- 12 Whoever feels the purpose dawn
With earthly Joys to part,
I'll instant welcome—let him yield
To me his willing Heart.

XLI. *And yet there is Room.*
Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E giddy Tribes, who thro' this Vale
In quest of Pleasure roam,
No more this empty chace pursue,
Now turn your footsteps Home.
- 2 The gates of Paradise stand wide,
And Bow'rs within disclose,
While still along those heavenly plains
Perpetual Rapture flows.
- 3 There's room within this royal Court,
What Seats are vacant still !
O haste before the Doors are barr'd,
And some fair Mansion fill.
- 4 There may'st thou taste unmix'd Delights
Fresh bubbling from their Spring,
While lightsome Moments rolling on
New Ecstasies shall bring.
- 5 Within the FATHER's yearning Heart
There's yet a boundless space ;
And wilt thou for the mire of sense
Renounce that blissful Place ?
- 6 Tho' spotted o'er with crimson Stains,
View JESUS' pierced Side ;
O haste and wash thy Crimes away,
There's room in that blest Tide.
- 7 At the broad Board, where Seraphs sit,
See Vacancies abound ;

O how unwise to nest below
When Room may there be found !

- 8 In Volumes of eternal Life
Blank Pages still remain ;
Haste now, and get thy Name enroll'd
E'er the attempt be vain.
- 9 Life's bundle is not yet too large,
There may'st thou still be bound ;
There's ample Room to pitch thy Tent
On Heav'n's wide-spreading Ground.
- 10 Some golden Harps as yet are spare
Thy fingers to employ ;
Above thou may'st those Songsters join,
And swell the gen'ral Joy.

XLII. *Balm in Gilead, a Physician there.*
Jer. viii. 22.

- 1 **W**HY should the Tooth of fell
Remorse
Thus gnaw the tortur'd Mind,
When by kind Heav'n's Prescription blest
Man sure relief may find ?
- 2 Ah ! why are Guilt's deep-fest'ring
Prevented thus to close, [Wounds
When from on high thro' ev'ry Age
The Balm of Gilead flows ?
- 3 Those Leaves, whence all the ransom'd
The healing Virtue drew, [Tribes

Still in the Paradise of GOD
Immortal Verdure shew.

- 4 Nor need'st thou to the Skies ascend
To bring that Foliage down ;
The Wings of warm inflam'd Desire
Will reach that Blessing soon.
- 5 To JESUS dart thy ardent wish,
Implore his helping Hand ;
These drops with sov'reign Virtue fraught
Distil at his Command.
- 6 No Ear IMMANUEL ever heard
The Sinner's suit deny ;
Nor Devils feel one pause in Woe
While He shuts out their Cry.
- 7 Long-practis'd in the healing Art,
No fore defeats his Skill ;
No Tongue will at the last great Day
Alledge his want of Will.
- 8 Each happy Soul to Health restor'd,
In yon fair seats above,
Beneath Guilt's dire Disease did groan,
His tender Care did prove.
- 9 And all the Sons of black Despair,
Who mid' strong Tortures yell,
Will own their Fingers forg'd the Chains
That dragg'd them down to Hell.
- 10 Thou blest PHYSICIAN, pour thy
Into my sin-sick Soul, [Balm
And all its sprightly Pow'rs shall sing,
" Thy Hands have made it whole."

XLIII. GOD *heareth and preventeth Prayer.*
Isai. lxxv. 24.

- 1 **T**O Complaints that rise from yonder World
I'll lend a patient Ear,
E'er yet they breathe their wishes forth
Indulgent Heav'n shall hear.
- 2 Soon as the unborn Pray'r appears
Half-formed in the Mind,
From my wide Hand a meet supply
The young desire shall find.
- 3 Each pious Thought, like precious Gems,
While on the Rock they feed,
From all adhering Dross I purge,
And nurse the Embryo-Seed.
- 4 E'er Man can knock at Mercy's Gate
I spread full wide her Doors;
His num'rous wants I largely fill
From her unbounded Stores.
- 5 While the poor trembling Soul demurs
To list its faint desires,
With full Assurance to succeed
My Grace the Heart inspires.
- 6 When Suits unfinish'd on the tongue
Mid' fears and weakness lie;
I listen to that broken sound,
And spell the dawning sigh.
- 7 Blush ye, who dread to be repuls'd,
When at his shrine you bend,

- And oft in joyless frame complain,
 "The LORD does not attend."
- 8 Behold your GOD all-gracious stoop
 From yonder lofty Throne,
 To hearken while the lab'ring Breast
 Heaves the unutter'd Groan.
- 9 Let ardent breathings of Desire
 Still upward dart their flame,
 Nor think their breath is lost in air
 Who name JEHOVAH's Name.
- 10 Yet not for your's He hears the Pray'r
 But JESUS' sake alone;
 Ask what ye will, but ask in Faith,
 He says, "It shall be done."
- 11 Only beware lest numbing Sloth
 Your warm Petitions chill;
 Or the huge group of worldly Cares
 Those sacred Moments fill.

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

XLIV. *The Incarnation of Christ.*

Luke 1. 26—81.

- 1 **F**ULL nimbly GABRIEL plies the Wing
 To tell the gladsome News;
 He glows with warm seraphic flame
 While He the Myst'ry shews.
- Nor less the Blessed Virgin's Joy
 To hear the wond'rous Tale,

Which this bright Herald from above
Is hast'ning to reveal.

- 3 Hail, Hail, Thou highly favor'd Saint!
Thy Bliss attracts the Sky;
Each Fair along thy royal Line
Wish'd for this Embassy.
- 4 While Myriads breath'd a warm Desire
To swathe the PRINCE OF PEACE,
Impatiently they look'd each Morn
To view his blessed face.
- 5 Be glad, that envied Lot is thine,
Soon the blest BABE to bear;
And dandled smiling on thy knee
His infant cries to hear.
- 6 Soon from thy teeming Virgin-Womb
SALVATION shall be born;
While all beneath the radiant Sun
Shall hail the rapt'rous morn.
- 7 JESUS shall be his Name ador'd,
Heav'n's Harps shall sound it high;
And, "Blessed be that wond'rous Name,"
Unnumber'd Tongues reply.
- 8 At that dear Name, that sweetest Sound,
Each suppliant knee shall bow;
Eternal Homage to their GOD
The ransom'd Race shall vow.
- 9 High Hallelujahs round his Throne
Enraptur'd Hosts shall sing,

And count Eternity too short
To praise this mighty KING.

XLV. *The Nativity.* Luke ii. 11—13.

- 1 **H**AIL, blessed Dawn, whose distant
Rays
Pierce thro' the Veil of Night ;
The tenfold Shades wrapt round our
At thy approach take flight. | World
- 2 Thy smiling hue, sweet Morn, betides
New Wonders here below ;
O Nature, whence that lovely Bloom
Which makes thy visage glow ?
- 3 Well may'st thou smile, when He draws
Who sheds the Beams on high, [near
Which light the upper World all o'er,
And gild the nether Sky.
- 4 But is the Course of Nature's GOD,
To this his Footstool bent ?
And will He deign in this cold Clime
To pitch his royal Tent ?
- 5 Yes, He descends thro' tracts of space ;
Bright Seraphs pave the way ;
And all the ravish'd Hosts above
Are basking in his Ray.
- 6 They joyous tend the new-born BABE,
Behold them clust'ring round ;
While all JUDEA's echoing Vales
With sweetest Strains resound.

- 7 New heav'nly Airs in lofty tone
 These gladsome Songsters raise :
 Thro' upper and thro' nether Worlds
 This Day's a Day of Praise.
- 8 With flows of high angelic Love
 The GODHAED they adore,
 For Grace celestial streaming fast
 From Mercy's op'ning Store.
- 9 Let human Hearts now catch the flame,
 And Earth repeat the Song ;
 A GOD descends with Men to dwell ;
 A GOD repairs our Wrong.
- 10 Swell then your Throats, ye tuneful
 Choirs,
 And chaunt redeeming Love :
 E'en thro' Eternity's wide round
 'Twill be the Song above.

XLVI. *Christ wrapt in Swaddling-Clothes,
 and lying in a Manger. Luke ii. 12, 13.*

- 1 **L**O! Nature's immaterial SUN
 Drops from his radiant Sphere ;
 And in a lanthorn made of flesh
 His faded Rays appear.
- 2 The Root from whence all Being sprung
 Sprouts in that op'ning Bud ;
 He lies wrapt up in swaddling Bands
 Who swath'd the Ocean's Flood.

- 3 Close by his side those Hands are roll'd
Which spun the fleecy Cloud :
Behold ! He sips the milky stream
Who gives th' Archangel food.
- 4 The lowing Heifers for his Bed
Their stalls unbidden yield ;
More piteous than th' ignoble Host,
They seek th' unshelter'd Field.
- 5 The bleating Flock bequeaths a fleece
To clothe Heav'n's spotless LAMB,
Who from those Heights quite down to
On gen'rous Errands came. [Earth
- 6 The warbling Songsters thro' the Grove
Their throats in concert swell,
And to the slumb'ring Swains around
The gladsome Tidings tell.
- 7 Illuminations thro' the Sky
Shine with auspicious blaze !
On Lamps new-fill'd with heav'nly Oil
Bright Hosts astonish'd gaze.
- 8 A band of Minstrels near the Throne
Make haste their Harps to string ;
With golden Wings they downward fly,
And heav'nly Matins sing.
- 9 A Birth-day Hymn compos'd on high
With skilful touch they play ;
Then with the Strains of Paradise
The BABE to Slumber lay.

XLVII. *The Creatures invited to praise
GOD at the Birth of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HOU radiant Sun, who, Bridegroom
like,
Thy Chamber leav'st each Morn,
In grandest Suit thyself array,
And this blest Day adorn.
- 2 'Tis SHILOH's Birth-day ; dart bright
And highest Splendors wear ; [Rays,
To-day quite round a thankless World
In dazzling Pomp appear.
- 3 Thou Silver Moon, a Birth-day dress
Of fairest Dye provide ;
Gild o'er the Mantle of the Night,
In gaudy Triumph ride.
- 4 Ye starry Gems, that from Heav'n's vault
Earth's dark Transactions view ;
Night's sable veil in sunder rend,
And brightest Lustre shew.
- 5 Ye golden Orbs, whose tuneful Spheres
Sweet harmony inspires ;
Raise ye loud Concert at this Hour,
And join Angelic Choirs.
- 6 O Earth ingrate ! why o'er thy face
These hoary dew-drops spread ?
With gayest Robe this glorious Morn
Our World should all be clad.
- 7 Ye brutal Herds, that keep the Stall,
Now bend the pliant knee,

To hail the Moment GOD came down
To set us Mortals free.

8 Ye Lions couching in your Dens
Now harmless roam abroad;
Pour praise in your hoarse-sounding notes
To our incarnate GOD.

9 Ye soaring Larks the Chorus sound,
An early Matin sing;
Teach all the feather'd Tribes to hymn
Glad Nature's new-born KING.

10 Midst universal Song, my Soul,
Let not thy voice be drown'd;
Nor in me, this transporting Day,
One silent Pow'r be found.

XLVIII. *A Rod out of the Stem of JESSE.*
Isai. xi. 1.

1 **T**HAT Root, whence sprung th' angelic Flow'rs
Which spread in Paradise,
Begins from mid-surrounding Clay
In one fair Sprout to rise.

2 Not in attractive Charms array'd
He rears his ancient Head;
No gaudy leaves adorn that Stem
Mean-rising from its Bed.

3 No blushing Rose its glossy hue
This wondrous PLANT did lend;
Nor did the Cedars waving high
To it in homage bend.

- 4 Awhile this BRANCH with naked Arms
No Shelter did betide ;
Nor did the Warblers midst its Boughs
From their Pursuers hide.
- 5 A few short Years on Earth's dry plain
It disregarded grew ;
Short-sighted Men went round and round,
And did no Beauties view.
- 6 At last the Axe by impious hand
The glorious Stem hew'd down ;
Its Trunk upon the trembling ground
With deep Disdain was thrown.
- 7 Yet soon reviv'd it sprang again,
And now o'ertops the Cloud ;
With boundless sweep it spreads above
Where long before it stood.
- 8 Close to its Boughs the Hosts redeem'd
In radiant Clusters cling,
Near Life's fair Tree, now rear'd above,
Their Hallelujahs sing.
- 9 Its Fruit seraphic Breasts inspires
With pure immortal Joys ;
While all around the fanning Breeze
Its fragrant odours blows.
- 10 From mid that Root a living Spring
Glides thro' the heav'nly Plain,
Which winds thro' Mansions of the Just
With softest murm'ring Strain.

XLIX. *The Epiphany.* Matt. i. 2—11.

- 1 **T**HE Sages long in Eastern Climes
Did in dark Midnight grope,
Till SHILOH all majestic rose,
And shone the LAMP OF HOPE.
- 2 Soon as the womb of Time was eas'd,
And the blest Birth appears,
The Star of Day thro' Heav'n's expanse
His westward motion steers.
- 3 Astonish'd at the blazing Sign
They hail the rising Day,
And to the new-born PRINCE OF LIFE
In Raptures speed away.
- 4 No Torches light that homely Roof
Where JESUS deigns to lie ;
Heav'n of those Beams must bear the cost,
And set this Candle high.
- 5 High over BETHLEM's humble Spires
See the bright Meteor flame ;
Its Dwellers lost in midnight Dreams
How do these Sages shame !
- 6 In deep surprize They view the Scene,
And hail their infant KING ;
While each adoring to his Couch
Their early Tribute bring.
- 7 Dark Clouds that Hour his Glory veil'd,
Yet These his Sceptre own,
Though o'er the Splendors of a GOD
Earth's thickest Shades were thrown.

8 Drawn by the scent of SHARON's ROSE,
 Whose fragrance breathes around,
 They haste to view the RIGHTEOUS
 BRANCH
 Spring lowly from the Ground.

9 Tho' like a Root from thirsty Soil
 They see old JESSE's Stem
 Just spring to day ; still undecay'd
 His GODHEAD is the same.

L. JESUS *persecuted by Herod.*
 Matt. ii. 13, 14.

1 **H**OW strangely did the Hate of Man
 Vent its malicious Rage,
 Against the HOLY CHILD conceiv'd
 E'en in Life's earlielt Stage !

2 Yet smiling harmless on the Breast
 What Umbrage could He give ?
 Not in the Manger undisturb'd
 He's doom'd unfit to live.

3 And must this glorious heav'nly BABE
 With his few Friends decamp ?
 And that, e'er Morning's rosy hand
 Has lighted Day's bright Lamp ?

4 Could Ye, his wing'd Attendants, brook
 Such Insult on your GOD,
 When forc'd beneath Night's chilling
 To quit his mean Abode ? [Damps

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- 5 Ye mighty Holts, what were your
Thoughts
When thus your MAKER lay
In a rude Manger poorly swath'd,
The Infant of a Day?
- 6 Like mournful Tale ye never heard,
Tho' told each wondrous Deed :
The GOD who form'd those num'rous
Orbs
Wants Room to lay his Head.
- 7 Altho' you never drop a Tear,
And nothing know but Joy ;
What were your Views, when HEROD
The Suckling to destroy ? [fought
- 8 And pay ye thus his Love, O Men,
Who with Heav'n's Peace come down,
Amidst a Sea of Wrath divine
Did all his glories drown ?
- 9 O! what if back to Paradise
His Journey He pursue,
And in behalf of ADAM's Race
His ancient Contract rue ?
- 10 How justly might the winged Bands
Have wafted Him on high !
Could He not with a single Breath
The Tyrant's Hate defy ?
- 11 How warm his Heart that did not cool
Beneath these hills of Snow !
See human Breasts 'gainst Him with Gall,
And his with Love o'erflow.

LI. *The Infanticide.* Matt. ii. 16.

- 1 **T**O an inhospitable Clime
Then did IMMANUEL tend,
When here to pitch his low Abode
He first did condescend.
- 2 No Palace spreads its spacious Gates
Glad Entrance to afford ;
No Altar burns its rich Perfumes
In honor of the LORD.
- 3 No Monarch throws his Sceptre down
Beneath his sacred Feet ;
No Herald's sent with sounding Trump
Th' incarnate GDD to greet.
- 4 But Oh ! the awful Deed of Shame
The blessed BABE must fly ;
Nor to the homely natal Spot
Adventure to draw nigh.
- 5 Yon Sword, in fatal hour unsheath'd,
Reeks high with Infant Gore ;
Torn smiling from the tortur'd Breast
They gain the blissful Shore.
- 6 The Heav'ns are rent with Blood's loud
Grief's deepest Sighs resound ; [Cry,
While under many a mournful Roof
Th' expiring Babes are found.
- 7 How blest ! ye fair infantile Train,
Whose Brows were wreath'd so soon
With the triumphant Martyr's Palm,
And early wore the Crown !

- 8 Baptiz'd amid' that crimson Font
Which sprang from your own Veins,
Plung'd in that emblematic Stream
You purg'd inherent Stains.
- 9 Now high you sit, and sweet you sing
Nigh Him like you too slain;
That rapt'rous Bliss, with Int'rest large,
Has recompenc'd your Pain.
- 10 In chrystal Streams beneath the Throne
What Tides of Joy abound!
While from the Mouths of Babes
redeem'd
The LAMB's high Praises sound.

LII. *SIMEON taking up the Child JESUS in
his Arms, and blessing GOD.*
Luke ii. 28.

- 1 **N**OW may I peaceful close these Eyes
On all below the Sun,
And take a glad Farewell of Life,
Since mortal things are done.
- 2, Far-travel'd in the ways of Men
I weary here to roam;
My days of exile are expir'd,
And I would venture home.
- 8 Long anxious have I ey'd the Skies
To welcome SHILOH down;
Now these blest moments hast'ning by
My ardent wishes crown.

- 4 O let the gladsome View suffice,
My Infant-SAVIOUR's Smiles ;
All Things besides will now look dim,
This all their Lustre spoils.
- 5 O blest Embrace ! when in these Arms
I clasp'd Salvation's GOD !
How could these feeble Arms sustain
The wondrous awful Load ?
- 6 But why so quickly yield Him back,
Or quit this glorious ONE ?
Who long before the Birth of Time
In godlike Splendors shone.
- 7 Ye Seraphs, who in waiting stand
The blessed BABE around,
To you 'tis most surprizing Sight,
Heav'n's KING on earthly Ground.
- 8 With you close Vigils would I keep
Nigh to this PRINCE OF PEACE ;
'Mong you adoring still I'd gaze
On that divinest Face.
- 9 But Ah ! the fight has prov'd too strong
For this long-mouldring Clay ;
Heav'n, break this earthly Cottage down,
That I may 'scape away.
- 10 Calm and serene I yield my Breath,
I fold in Arms divine,
Who this blest Hour thy glorious Head
Did'st sweetly rest in mine.

 THE MINISTRY AND MIRACLES
OF CHRIST.

LIII. *His Temptation in the Wilderness.*
Luke iv. 2.

- 1 **L**ONG o'er the wide infernal Gates
IMMANUEL kept his Eye;
Intent from his exalted Throne
Hell's Motions to descry.
- 2 He rein'd with ease the bridled Fiends,
Close held the rattling Chain;
Blaspheming tho' they champ't the Bit,
He aw'd the foaming Train.
- 3 But now from mid their dreary Den
Their Legions fiercely growl;
Round Him with diabolic Rage
The Tempters fearless prowl.
- 4 See! the Arch-Fiend with daring Look
Untrembling eyes a GOD;
Regardless views that blessed Head
Which aw'd him with its Nod.
- 5 More dev'lish still! with Hand accurs'd
He seeks his Darts to throw;
At Him, who forg'd the Lightning's Bolt,
He aims the vengeful Blow.
- 6 For ever blasted be that Arm
That thus was rais'd on high
To wound the wondrous MAN, who
For human Crimes to die, [stoop'd

MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

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- 7 For ever speechless be that Tongue
That bade the SAVIOUR bend
In low prostration to a Fiend,
And Incense downward send.
- 8 Where were ye, Angels, when your
GOD
With Fiends in Conflict join'd?
And when the Sons of Blasphemy
Against Him all combin'd?
- 9 How could you stand regardless by,
And view th' insulting Foe
Those Darts, long hammer'd in the Pit,
At your ADORED throw?
- 10 O Thou, who still'st the raging Storms,
And calm'st the Ocean's Roar,
How durst the Foe but once require
That Thou should'st Him adore?
- 11 Why was he not that moment plung'd
In tenfold gloom of Hell?
And doom'd thro' ev'ry tortur'd Pow'r
Ten thousand Pangs to feel?

LIV. *Present at the Marriage in Cana.*
John ii. 2, &c.

- 1 UNHARMFUL lo! the rural Band
Salute the nuptial Hour,
While in melodious Airs around
The festive Mirth they pour.
- 2 Well may the Concert swell most sweet
When CHRIST himself attends,

- And Heav'n, to grace the Bridal, down
Its royal MONARCH sends.
- 3 Prize high your Lot, ye envied Pair,
Who hail this wondrous Guest ;
And fresh from his unemptying Spring
The sacred Blessing taste.
- 4 Why did the Grape so niggard prove
Of his enliv'ning Juice ?
Well might the Vine strain all its Tubes
For the blest FORMER's Use.
- 5 But He has Nature's Stores at Will,
Her Treasures can command,
Whose Currents at his Bidding flow,
Whose Keys are in his Hand.
- 6 'Tis He that bids the spreading Vine
Its cheering Streams distil ;
Or if He take a speedier Course
Wine springs from yonder Rill.
- 7 He, Heav'n's bright SUN, from his wide
Can dart meridian Rays ; [Sphere
And in an instant that mature
Which here long rip'ning stays.
- 8 Here sickly Nature creeps but slow,~
At feeble Efforts strains ;
But in the Beams of Life's blest Source
Her progress nought detains.
- 9 Thus grov'ling Mortals, dim of sight,
Oft stint the Pow'r divine
To Nature's low imperfect aims,
And Nature's GOD confine.

- 10 O LORD, enlarge our scanty Thoughts
To reach thy wondrous Deeds ;
But when they stretch their widest grasp,
Thy Goodness far exceeds.

LV. *Going about and doing Good.*

Acts x. 38.

- 1 **W**HAT ready Steps IMMANUEL
trod
To spread his Blessings round !
Oft spent with Toil, on grassy Couch
His weary Limbs are found.
- 2 To smoothe the Brow of sad Distress
Was still his godlike Care ;
To break Affliction's falling Stroke
No Pains his Love did spare.
- 3 To Groans He lent a patient Ear,
And calm'd the throbbing Heart ;
In rankling Wounds infus'd fresh Oil,
And eas'd their aching Smart.
- 4 What Numbers mid' the noon-tide Ray
Were plung'd in cheerless Night,
Till He, with sympathetic Hand
Unlock'd the Doors of Sight.
- 5 A thousand Tongues unbred to Speech
He taught their Wants to tell,
Whose grateful Notes to Heav'n's high
In joyous accents swell. [Praise
- 6 He smoothe'd the Passages of Sound,
And bor'd th' unopen'd Ear,

Hence Music's Sweet harmonious charms
Astonish'd Mortals hear.

- 7 See restless Throngs from pining Couch
Quick at his bidding rise ;
The helpless feel his kind Support,
And cease despairing Cries.
- 8 Limbs wither'd at his word revive,
Fresh Strength thrills fast around ;
The Leper's veiled snowy Front
With freshest Bloom is crown'd.
- 9 The Desert Wilds can well attest
How bounteous is his Hand,
Where thousands tasted plenteous Food
Which sprung at his Command.
- 10 LORD, we confess thy Pow'r supreme,
" Thou hast done all things well ;"
And still thy Miracles of Grace
To Children's Children tell.

LVI. *Confessed by the Devils.*

Mark i. 24.

- 1 **W**ILL then the black infernal Troops
In yonder Den that growl,
Their stubborn necks to JESUS bow,
And yield to his Controul ?
- 2 Yes, at his Summons they must fly,
And to their Chains return,
Where Sheets of Sulphur flaming high
Around their Prison burn.

- 3 The softest whisper of a GOD
To Fiends fresh Torture brings,
Their Breasts before his Face divine
Are pierc'd with thousand Stings.
- 4 Conscious of his superior Pow'r,
To Him they quit their claim;
Tho' long Blasphemers, yet with awe
They speak th' incarnate NAME.
- 5 How harsh the Sound to hear Despair
Pronounce MESSIAH known!
Yet with that Breath their blister'd
All hopes from Him disown. [Tongues
- 6 Well may they know his high Descent!
Hell's Gloom with howlings rung,
When at his Birth angelic Hosts
Their sweetest Anthems sung.
- 7 Full sore they felt his glitt'ring Sword,
The Wounds will never close;
It gash'd, when on blaspheming Bands
MESSIAH godlike rose.
- 8 No Wonder tho' they roar aloud
At his approaching Sight;
And dread a deeper Plunge in Woes
Of everlasting Night.
- 9 Ador'd be that Almighty Hand
That forg'd their Bars so strong,
And screens each hour my naked Head
From this malicious Throng.

LVII. *Not having a Place where to lay his Head.* Matt. viii. 20.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Son of Man below,
 'Twas once his mournful Cry,
 For all that moves fit Beds prepar'd,
 Yet has not where to lie.
- 2 For all the Choirs that wing the Air
 He builds the downy Nest,
 'Yet envies now the feather'd Tribes
 Which find meet Place for rest.
- 3 E'en for the Foxes' safe retreat
 He forms the Earth-scoop'd Shed,
 While grassy Couch thro' Midnight
 Supports his weary Head. | Damps
- 4 Earth's Tenants round know each a Shade
 To cool Noon's fervid Ray;
 But He that feeds the solar Flame
 Must bear the scorching Day.
- 5 All on his Parent Arm reclin'd
 Are mid soft Slumbers lost,
 Yet nought IMMANUEL Stranger here
 But Earth's cold Bed could boast.
- 6 His Fingers spun yon spangled Web
 As Curtains for the Sky;
 Now nought but these surround the Spot
 Whereon He deigns to lie.
- 7 Unnumber'd Guests in his wide House
 On downy Pillows sleep;
 While their blest HOST on weary Limbs
 Must nightly Vigils keep.

- 6 Man shelter'd under splendid Roof
 The gath'ring Storm defies,
 But her great LORD a fit recess
 Ungrateful Earth denies.

LVIII. *Healing the withered Hand.*
 Luke vi. 10.

- 1 **W**HAT ceaseless havock dire Disease
 O'er human Kind has spread,
 Since that dark Morn fair Innocence
 From these low Regions fled!
- 2 How fit that He, who owns this World
 Should from his Seat descend,
 And to Woe's Empire unrestrain'd
 Put the long wish'd for End!
- 3 From this wide Hospital of Earth
 What mingling Groans resound!
 In Cells of Grief on ev'ry side
 Heart-melting Sighs abound.
- 4 Thro' all this sublunary Vale
 Ills in dread Triumph ride,
 Till in Oblivion's dusky Land
 Our drooping Heads we hide.
- 5 Beneath MESSIAH's healing Hand
 What Numbers prostrate lie!
 Here one with his unwielding Arm
 For his kind Aid draws nigh.
- 6 No wonder a deep-pensive Air
 Sits on his haggard Brow,

Since o'er his lifeless blighted Hand
Death printed that pale hue.

- 7 Unvig'rous, see ! it dangles down—
Nor could those Fingers stretch
To grasp a bright imperial Crown,
Tho' plac'd within his reach.
- 8 Or should he strive with fault'ring Voice
Heav'n's Blessings to implore,
He could not raise his blasted Hand
To knock at Mercy's Door.
- 9 But at MESSIAH's royal Word
New circling Vigor flows,
Loos'd from its long arrest the Pulse
Its wonted Circuit knows.
- 10 How wise to mark his sov'reign Nod,
And to his Sceptre bend,
On whose blest Lips, both Health and
And Life and Death attend! [Pain,

LIX. *Healing the Centurion's Servant.*
Luke vii. 2.

- 1 **H**OW oft we count e'en Life a Load,
Beneath its Burden droop!
While ailments with each beating Pulse
Make youthful Vigor stoop.
- 2 'Gainst horrid Pain and dire Disease
No Remedies avail ;
E'en thro' surrounding armed Bands
Strong Pangs the Prince assail.

- 3 From Nature's Pains there's no Defence ;
Here Youth's declining Bloom,
Toit by the last convulsive Throes,
Sees Death's approaching Gloom.
- 4 Yet JESUS soon makes Hope to dawn
Where Death had aim'd his Dart ;
To this Centurion's Servant deigns
New Vigor to impart.
- 5 The Maladies begot by Sin
His sov'reign Word obey ;
He bids the Troop but once decamp,
They instant march away.
- 6 He stays the circling Streams that roll
Thro' all the boiling Veins ;
He bids the mingled humours part,
And cools the heated Reins.
- 7 The Fever by his Presence aw'd
Its raging Ferment stops ;
And thro' the Skin's ten thousand Doors
Sends forth the balmy Drops.
- 8 The Fumes that rack'd the dizzy Brain
No more attempt to rise ;
Sounds pour afresh thro deafen'd Ears,
And Rays thro' staring Eyes.

LX. *Raising the Widow's Son.*

Luke. vii. 11, &c.

- 1 **W**HAT Blasts we Mortals must abide
E'er Life's rough Ocean crost !

- 'Twixt Waves of Hope, and Gulphs of
How are our Vessels tost ! [Fear
- 2 Full thin our Comforts here are sown,
But thick our Crosses grow ;
Whose op'ning Buds, as they disclose,
To Leaves of Sorrow blow.
- 3 At NAIN see a mournful Fair
Deep, deep in Sables clad.
All-doleful weeping for her Mate
Now wrapt in Death's cold Shade.
- 4 Far worse, she stays the sinking head
Of her dear hopeleſs Boy,
That well-belov'd remaining Pledge
Of all their nuptial Joy.
- 5 See, how she hangs in sad suspense,
And wipes the falling Dews !
While in the hand of conqu'ring Death
A Bow full bent she views.
- 6 But Ah ! the deep-responding Groan
Decides the doubtful Strife ;
His Eyes are lock'd by Death's cold Keys,
He takes farewell of Life.
- 7 The Corpse comes forth to View, and lo !
Stretch'd on the Bier it lies ;
The Mother clasps the pale-hued Clay,
And vents despairing Cries.
- 8 Heav'n piteous views the doleful Scene,
And seems to frown on Death
For having cropt th' unripen'd Bud,
And clos'd his youthful Breath.

- 9 JESUS dispels Grief's lowring Clouds,
 Spreads round a Sky serene ;
 Godlike at this blest Season comes,
 And brightens all the Scene.
- 10 He calls, the Universe resounds,
 And echoes back the Voice ;
 Death's Bars in sunder instant burst,
 Earth's Mourners all rejoice.

LXI. *Stilling the Tempest.*

Luke viii. 23, 24.

- 1 IF He that rides the bridled Winds
 Once from their wings alight,
 How quick they sweep along the Plain,
 And spread a gen'ral fright !
- 2 The peaceful Deep stirr'd by their Breath
 Now mounts its Billows high,
 And proudly aims with briny Foam
 To lash the distant Sky.
- 3 Bold was the Tempest thus to rage
 O'er the TIBERIAN Lake;
 E'er JESUS on his homely Couch,
 His gentle Slumbers brake.
- 4 Half-dead with fear th' astonish'd Crew
 Lift up their piteous cry,
 Soon as on Mountain Surges borne
 Their Danger they descry.
- 5 While Wave on Wave with haughty
 Quite o'er their Vessel rides, (Pride

Unconscious that the GOD of Storms
Now in its Womb abides.

6 Lo! how they gape with wid'ning Jaws,
For Prey still roar aloud!
Tho' Millions by their Rage devour'd
Lie bosom'd in the Flood.

7 But Oh! how soon their Pride abates,
When JESUS looks around!
Instant the Wind retires, ashamed
Thus boisterous to be found.

8 How soon th' unquiet Sea is calm'd,
And smooths each angry Frown!
Repenting thus around her LORD
To be in ferment thrown.

9 Behold, my Soul, unreas'ning Waves
Obey th' Almighty Nod,
And blush, if thy rebellious Heart
Forget a speaking GOD.

10 With JESUS sail o'er Life's rough Sea,
Thy Breast his peaceful Seat;
So shalt thou weather out each Storm,
Nor fear a safe Retreat.

LXII. *Feeding the Multitudes.*

Luke ix. 14—17.

1 **H**EAV'N's royal PROPHET's Voice
divine
Sounds thro' the list'ning Throng,
Who joyous taste of Wisdom's Stream,
Nor think the Moments long.

- 2 Lost by its Sound in sweet surprize
None Nature's cravings heed ;
Their mental Pow'rs feel strong Desire
For heav'n-descending Bread.
- 3 But Oh ! the Bounties of a GOD !
Who hears Want's harmless Cry,
Unask'd to their returning Needs
He grants the meet Supply.
- 4 He spreads the spacious earthen Board
With Cloth of living Green ;
And quick around th' obedient Crowd
In deep amaze are seen.
- 5 And now they dread a scant Repast,
Distrustful of their HOST ;
Tho' all the Tables set above
Are cover'd at his Cost.
- 6 This Universe, his spacious House,
Feeds hourly at his Charge ;
Its countless Myriads share his Gifts
As bountiful, as large.
- 7 The Ravens see no Table spread,
Yet they no Famine fear ;
The infant Lions pour their Yell
Full in his list'ning Ear.
- 8 With ease He feeds this gazing Throng
From his unlesse'd Store ;
Earth, Air and Sea, his Garners wide,
By emptying fill the more.
- 9 Ye Guests, partake this plenteous Meal
Dealt by no niggard Hand ;

Adoring view the Food increase
At his divine Command.

- 10 Hence learn, my Soul, to trust his
Nor doubt his gracious Skill: [Word,
If once He speak, 'tis instant done ;
All Nature serves his Will.

LXIII. *Curfing the barren Fig-tree.*
Mark xi. 13, 14.

- 1 **A**ND did the Fig-tree of her Fruit
Deny to Him a share,
Whose Blessing loads each swelling Bough
Which copious fruitage bear ?
- 2 When JESUS once to taste thy Figs
Vouchsaf'd to turn aside,
How couldst thou disregard his Need,
And all his Hopes deride ?
- 8 Why didst thou dress in gayest Green,
And spread thy Arms abroad,
That with thy Blossoms thou might'st call
The Journeyor from his Road ?
- 4 'Tis just thy Branches meet a Blast,
And each young Bud should die,
When JESUS to recruit his Strength
In vain to thee drew nigh,
- 5 And yet my glowing Cheek may blush
While I thus doom the Tree,
Methinks, when I review that Scene,
The Censure falls on me.

- 6 I in far richer Soil have stood
Beneath Heav'n's soft'ring Dew ;
At various seasons put forth Buds,
Nor have my Leaves been few :
- 7 But when the blessed OWNER comes
At his determin'd hour,
Where is the Fruit on loaded Boughs
I in his hand may pour ?
- 8 'Tis Wonder He, who owns this Field,
Such barren Trees should spare ;
How just from midst his water'd Church
Their ev'ry Root to tear !
- 9 Blest JESUS, stay thy mighty Hand,
Thy righteous Stroke suspend ;
Till with Heav'n-ripen'd Fruits of Grace
My humble Branches bend.

LXIV. *Casting out a dumb Spirit.*

Mark ix. 25. 27.

- 1 **I**N strong Array what countless Foes
'Gainst Mortals take the Field !
What need with each returning Morn
Our Arms aright to wield !
- 2 Man oft against himself must war,
And outward Shocks sustain ;
Nor easier those sharp Darts to quench
Thrown by Hell's horrid Train.
- 3 'Tis sad to see what Hell can do
If Heav'n stand passive by ;

- If tongueless Fiends such Tortures bring,
What may not others try ?
- 4 Ah ! Imp accurs'd ! 'scap'd from the
How durst he upward soar ? [Gloom,
Why break the wide infernal Ranks,
Or leave their mingled Roar ?
- 5 We Mortals, weary of their Sway,
Now to MESSIAH yield ;
Whose Wing from their fierce Shafts is
spread
Our naked Heads to shield.
- 6 How should they bear that mighty Arm
Which hurl'd them from the Sky,
And o'er their Rebel Rout atchiev'd
A signal Victory ?
- 7 What Tortures now the Fiend resents !
Hark ! what a dismal Cry !
At JESUS' Frown dark Horrors rage,
Infuriate Demons fly.
- 8 Beneath the shelter of a GOD
The Saints delight to dwell ;
And stand unpierc'd by sharpest Darts
Forg'd in the Pit of Hell.
- 9 Adore the Hand that fix'd the Bars
To yon infernal Gate ;
Which slacks or draws their ratt'ling
Chains,
And curbs their dev'lish Hate.

LXV. *Receiving Money from the Mouth of a Fish.* Matt. xvii. 27.

1 **O** Strange Demand! when Nature's
KING

To Man a Tax must pay,
Tho' at the Footstool of his Throne
Heav'n's Host their Tribute lay!

2 More wondrous still to see Him want
Th' appointed HEIR OF ALL;
Who Treasures of ten thousand Worlds
Could muster at his call.

3 For Man grown Bankrupt to his GOD
Heav'n's Wealth He did forego;
And whence to pay the Custom claim'd
He hardly seems to know.

4 Tho' Earth has lock'd its Coffers up,
None haste to lend their LORD;
The Sea is his, and all her Tribes
Are list'ning to his Word.

5 The Fish unbidden thro' the Deep
Surveys the Treasures lost,
Which blind deluded Men no more
Will make their empty Boast.

6 As if it heard great CÆSAR's Call,
Or knew the SAVIOUR's Need;
It gobbles down the silver Coin,
And plies its Fins with speed.

7 See! how it haltes to meet the Hook,
Quick thro' the Waves makes way,

That in the blest CREATOR's Hand
The Tribute it may lay.

- 8 Which shall be first to do his Will
The scaly Tribes dispute,
When on his Errands thro' the Deep
He sends those Carriers mute.
- 9 All else but Man, are proud to serve
The GOD that gave them Life,
Which in his praise shall most excel
'Mong others seems the strife.
- 10 Take shame, my Soul, and mark his Eye
Still ready to obey ;
With zeal and joy, where He directs,
To wing thee on the way.

LXVI. *Calling Zaccheus.* Luke xix. 4—9.

- 1 SEE, how ZACCHEUS climbs aloft
Above the noisy Crowd,
To view the wondrous MAN that rain'd
Unceasing Show'rs of Good.
- 2 The blessed SAVIOUR look'd, and cry'd,
" ZACCHEUS haste, come down ;
" I mean t'abide with thee to-day,
" Nor journey farther on."
- 3 ZACCHEUS, raptur'd at the Call,
Down from the Bough descends :
Beneath his hospitable Roof
His royal Guest attends.
- 4 With Tribute Crowds unheeded stand,
But no Receiver find ;

Aims far transcending golden Ore
Now fill the Sinner's Mind.

5 All low desires are lull'd asleep,
No more he thirsts for Gold;
His fingers loos'ning drop the World,
And fast on Heav'n take hold.

6 See, how unbidden he resigns
The helpless Orphan's Spoil;
And now with Joy to Heav'n devotes
The gains of honest Toil.

7 Thus tutor'd in MESSIAH's School
He soon his Lesson learns;
And ripest Fruits in early Spring
By Restitution earns.

8 Transform'd in twinkling of an Eye
We view a new-born Mind;
Nought of its former grov'ling Cares
In these Resolves we find.

9 Yet let not black misgiving Thoughts
Thy Hopes and Joys derange,
Because no instantaneous Grace
E'er mark'd thy happy Change:

10 Let but Religion's genial Flame
Bright thro' thy Life appear;
'Twill rank thee one of Abrah'm's Sons;
No matter how or where.

LXVII. *His triumphant Entry into Jerusalem.* Matt. xxi. 5—9.

- 1 **L**ET ZION's spacious Roofs resound,
Behold! your PRINCE draws near;
Glad Crowds are shouting Him along,
Soon will his Train appear.
- 2 Meek on th' unsaddled Afs He sits
Who rides the stubborn Winds,
And in the hollow of his Hand
The roaring Tempest binds.
- 3 In humble Triumph see them move,
While Garments strew the Way,
Which glad Attendants fondly strip,
And for his Carpet lay.
- 4 The joyous Throng unthinking hail
His Coronation-Morn;
Unmindful that th' eternal Crown
Did once those Brows adorn.
- 5 In Splendor infinitely bright
E'er birth of Time He rode;
And early on the starry Floor
His blessed Footsteps trod.
- 6 This homely Grandeur suits but ill
A Person all divine;
He means not on fair ZION's Heights
In royal Robes to shine.
- 7 Throw wide the ample Doors of Thought,
There let Him bear his Sway;

And on the Neck of wayward Lulls
His Reins almighty lay.

- B 'Tis there MESSIAH courts a Seat,
Let none his Suit deny ;
Unrival'd let Him mount that Throne,
And wave his Sceptre high.
- 9 In low prostration humbly bend
To ZION's righteous KING ;
While Heart and Tongue, with Joy
The true Hofannah sing. [replete,

LXVIII. *Purging the Temple.*

Matt. xxi. 12.

- 1 **N**OW JESUS treads the hallow'd
Its inmost Glories views ; [Floor,
Each corner of those famed Courts
To Him pollution shews.
- 2 The impious Bands are swarming round
Intent on lawless gain ;
Extortion, Fraud and black Deceit
The warm oblations stain.
- 3 What need that He, who owns this House,
Should quickly 'twine his Rod ;
And teach those daring Sons of Shame
'Twas set apart for GOD!
- 4 A Scourge so mild will slightly lash
This sacrilegious Throng,
Who with their scarlet-color'd Deeds
Defil'd his Roof so long.

- 5 This holy Ground was ne'er inclos'd
For sublunary Trade,
Sever'd from Earth, to Heav'n alone
These Walls were sacred made.
- 6 Blest JESUS, plait these Cords anew,
And deign to view my Mind ;
Down in that Temple, rear'd to Thee,
Such Buyers Thou may'st find.
- 7 I often try to clear that House
And throw the Tables down ;
Those bold Intruders back again
Do find their way too soon.
- 8 Nought, nought but thine almighty Arm
Can these Disturbers chace ;
Tho' human Pow'r should drive them out,
They still resume the place.
- 9 On th' Altar of a contrite Heart
May I pure Incense raise ;
And all my hallow'd Pow'rs unite
To sing my SAVIOUR's Praise.

LXIX. *Transfigured on the Mount.*
Matt. xvii. 2—4.

- 1 'T WAS wonder when MESSIAH
stript
Th' eternal Robes He wore,
But none to see Him dress again
In Garb long us'd before.
- 2 Nor strange, that Thou, fam'd TABOR,
With more than solar Blaze, [shone

Thro' that Effulgence round thee spread
By SHILOH's dazzling Rays.

- 3 High-favor'd Mount ! that o'er thy Head
Display'd far brighter View,
Than e'en ten thousand Worlds combin'd
Could thro' all Ages shew.
- 4 The hues that paint the rosy East
When Morning spreads its Wing,
Would prove as Midnight shewn with
Noon
Before this glorious KING.
- 5 Those shining Heralds from above
T'attend their MAKER fly,
And low-adoring find his Beams
Too strong for finite Eye.
- 6 There too his happy Fav'rites round,
Tho' hous'd in brittle Clay,
Wait all-involv'd in awful Thoughts
Mid' Heav'n's increasing Day.
- 7 Well might they seek to pitch their Tents
In that delightful Place,
Where rapt'rous Smiles incessant glance
From that resplendent Face.
- 8 Beat high, my Soul, this Lustre beams
On ZION's tow'ring Hill ;
Soon will the blisful Sight unfold,
And all thy Longings fill.

LXX. *Weeping over Jerusalem.*

Luke xix. 41.

- 1 **E**ARTH's well firnam'd a Vale of
There briny Currents flow ; | Tears :
And how to brew that plenteous stream
Each mortal Eye may know.
- 2 From Sorrow's bitter spreading Root
Men's boasted Pleasures rise ;
He lives not, but or soon or late
His wat'ry Cheek he dries.
- 3 Such Sights each passing Day abound,
We early learn to weep ;
Hearts grieved vent their plaintive Moans
Far oft'ner than they sleep.
- 4 Man well may sigh, when more than Man
Breathes those redoubled Cries ;
While sitting clad in Garb of Woe
He wipes his streaming Eyes.
- 5 Man often spends his breath in vain,
And heaves a causeless groan ;
But prospects sad make JESUS mourn
In this affecting Tone.
- 6 For Man, for Man, unthinking Man
His Heart is melting fast,
To see his setting Sun go down,
And golden Seasons past.
- 7 His Wing, his blessed shelt'ring Wing,
JERUSALEM o'erspread,
Must be withdrawn ; her spiteful Sons
Contemn'd th' almighty Shade.

- 8 Sad sight ! to view presumptuous Men
Immortal Fury brave ;
And from the Arms of Mercy leap
Deep in the fiery Wave.
- 9 Thro' all divine Restraints they broke,
Nought their Career could stop ;
And now a GOD has fix'd their doom,
And shut their Eve of Hope.
- 10 While o'er our Race Thou deign'st to
brood,
And spread'st a Covert wide,
Teach me, dear LORD, beneath thy
My blushing Soul to hide. [Wing,

LXXI. *Encouraging his Disciples with a Promise of future Happiness.* John xiv. 3.

- 1 **T**HO' soon to Earth I bid adieu,
And reascend my Throne,
When from the yawning Jaws of Death
The human Prey is won ;
- 2 I will not take my last Farewell
Of my few Friends below ;
Altho' to shine in brighter Worlds
With urgent Speed I go.
- 3 We'll meet e'er long in that blest Clime
From whence I downward came ;
When Death, to set your Spirits free,
Shall quench the vital Flame.
- 4 When from the springing Font within
The purple streams shall fail,

On verge of Life in that blest Hour
Your parting Souls I'll hail.

- 5 Till then the Waves quite o'er your
May dash their briny Foam ; [Heads
Yet shall but serve to bear you on
Towards your heav'nly Home.
- 6 Time's Billows then untongu'd shall hush
Their loud tremendous Roar ;
The Tenants of Hell's mournful Gloom
Shall steal your Peace no more.
- 7 Near where I pitch my royal Tent
Your Mansions I'll prepare,
And thro' ten thousand Deaths below
Will safe conduct you there.
- 8 In my grand Triumph you shall join
The brightest in my Train ;
And, when the scenes of Time are clos'd,
Ascend with me to reign.
- 9 Deep in my Glory you shall share ;
Your Breasts with Transports glow,
While o'er your bliss-enraptur'd Souls
Fresh streams of Life shall flow.
- 10 No Hour shall part you from my Smile,
Or from my Bosom rend ;
New-springing joys shall gild your Days
Thro' Ages without End.

THE SUFFERINGS, DEATH, AND
BURIAL OF CHRIST.

LXXII. *Behold the Lamb of GOD ; or a
View of Christ's Sufferings through the Stages
of his mortal Life.* John i. 29.

- 1 **E**ACH Eye, behold the LAMB OF
GOD,
His Footsteps learn to trace ;
View'd from the Cradle to the Tomb,
Admire his matchless Grace.
- 2 See, how He blows his Glories out,
And lights far feebler flame ;
In human liv'ries deigns to dress,
And clips his wide-spread Fame.
- 3 Come, meet Him at the Porch of Life,
And hear his infant Cry,
Who was ador'd in lofty Strains
By Angel-Pow'rs on high.
- 4 Man smiles beneath his shelt'ring Wing,
Himself now learns to weep ;
He hush'd an Universe to rest,
Yet folds his Arms to sleep.
- 5 Day prov'd too short to vent his Moans,
Oft Midnight saw his Tears ;
The starry Orbs shed trembling Rays
To view their MAKER's Fears.
- 6 In deep Afflictions He was wrapt,
To Sorrows closely wed,

Mid Troubles far beyond our thought
He made his joyless Bed.

7 Stern Justice frown'd : yea Mercy too
Her Smiles from JESUS turn'd ;
And lo ! a thankless human Race
Their dear REDEEMER spurn'd.

8 Each low'ring Morn the troubl'ous
Above Him higher rose, [Stream
Till o'er his Head in fatal hour
The angry Billows close.

9 Grief dy'd his Locks of hoary hue
Amid Youth's rising Bloom ;
Beneath those Ills his Shoulders stoop'd
Which were our righteous Doom.

10 Not all the glorious Hosts above
Saw such Distress before,
As JESUS thro' his mortal Days
For Man all-patient bore.

LXXIII. *Another on the same Subject.*
Lam. i. 12.

1 YE Cherubim, whose golden Wings
Fan swift the yielding Air,
Who thro' the vast empyreal Space
On Errands high repair ;

2 Yet unperceiv'd by mortal Eyes
What rapt'rous Scenes you see !
A sight of Woe too you beheld
In Him who bled for me.

- 3 Mid all your wide-extended rounds,
Have ye perceiv'd such Woe,
As did the MAN OF SORROWS
While sojourning below ? [prove
- 4 Soon as He drank Life's muddy stream
How did its Waters swell !
No thought his Feelings can conceive,
No tongue his Troubles tell.
- 5 While smiling pleasant on the Breast
O wondrous Sight ! He hung ;
Then in his Cup, by Heav'n's Decree,
Some bitter Drops were wrung.
- 6 Black troubl'ous mists o'er all his Ways
Each rising Morn were spread ;
In Sorrow's paths his Footsteps trod,
Griefs hung his joyless Bed.
- 7 E'en the wide Universe throughout
Joy shuts from Him her Springs,
While from above, beneath, around,
He meets Earth's sharpest Stings.
- 8 On bitter morsels long He fed,
Gall mixtures often drank,
Till underneath the Frowns of Wrath
In Death's cold Arms He sunk.
- 9 Heav'n unrelenting views the scene,
Nor stays descending Show'rs ;
Hell with a diabolic Rage
Her Arrows round Him pours.
- 10 Soon as his Pulse began to beat
Affliction thrill'd each Vein ;

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Unceasing Woes then usher'd in
His last tremendous Pain.

LXXIV. JESUS *deprecating the bitter Cup.*
Mark xiv. 36.

- 1 **E**TERNAL FATHER, stay thine
Hand,
And grant one breathing Hour ;
Squeeze not so fast these wrathful Dregs
Which all my Soul o'erpow'r.
- 2 O ! from on high, all-piteous view
My agonizing Throes ;
See, how I'm scorch'd, while o'er my
The boiling Surges close. [Head
- 3 Mixt by the Sins of Adam's race,
How fumes this bitter Cup !
It makes my Bowels melt like wax ;
And must I drink it up ?
- 4 O let those former Draughts suffice,
Ne'er let me taste it more ;
Behold how fast the purple Flood
Runs down from ev'ry Pore.
- 5 How the dread Wine-Press I have trod
These Nerves unbidden tell ;
Ah ! who beneath th' almighty Load
Could one short moment dwell ?
- 6 This midnight hour, both Earth and Hell
Against me close combine ;
And must thine Arms of Vengeance too
My naked Soul entwine ?

- 7 Is Pity blotted from the Skies?
Does Heav'n forget to love?
And canst Thou to thy holy CHILD
One hour ungracious prove?
- 8 May not some cheaper Victim die
As ransom for Man's Guilt?
Will nought its restless Cry appease
Till Heav'n's best Blood be spilt?
- 9 Will Justice unabating prove
Nor once these Tortures heed?
Must yet this shiv'ring Breast be pierc'd
E'er from its hands I'm freed?

LXXV. *Another on the same Subject.*
Mark xiv. 36.

- 1 **H**OW dire must be that Weight of
Wrath
Which makes IMMANUEL reel!
'Twas far above a finite Arm
Such awful Blows to deal.
- 2 And dost Thou shrink, Almighty
FRIEND,
To wade th' Abyss of Woe?
And shudder at th' o'erwhelming Flood
Where wrathful Billows flow?
- 3 What if a GOD should snatch the Cup
From JESUS' trembling Hand;
And for the Race that did the wrong
Let all its Bitters stand?

- 4 Thrice-awful Hour! did e'er a World
In equal Peril hang,
As did our own, when with those Cries
Astonish'd Nature rang?
- 5 Had He, whose kind indulgent Aid
Frail Mortals oft have prov'd,
But at MESSIAH's Word steep'd down,
And that dread Cup remov'd;
- 6 Men by its Taste had stagger'd down
To an eternal Hell,
And sunk to dark despairing Climes
Mid endless Pains to dwell.
- 7 This darkest Spot in Map of Time
Begins full fast to clear;
In the Meridian of his Love
See JESUS now appear!
- 8 His Lips recal th' alarming Wish—
His Soul new Tortures wring;
The brimful Cup back to his Lips
His blessed Fingers bring.
- 9 'Gainst my late Pray'r, O FATHER,
The Windows of the Sky, [shut
Still let thy Will the cause decide,
And my Request deny.
- 10 Smite on, smite on, till it suffice,
Regardless of my Pain,
Till of the Ransom of these Souls
No Mite unpaid remain.

LXXVI. *Spit upon.* Matt. xxvi. 67.

- 1 **B**LUSH, deeply blush, surrounding
At this amazing Sight, | Skies,
A Face divine besmear'd all o'er,
Like Mid-day turn'd to Night.
- 2 No Act so foul from Time's wide Womb
Was e'er brought forth to view,
As this against MESSIAH done
By that abandon'd Crew.
- 3 Durst Hell itself have dar'd to spit
Full in the Face of GOD?
The Fiends would shudder, while their
Beneath his Feet are trod. [Necks
- 4 O could that worse than hellish Deed
Be hid from Seraph's ken?
In blackest Colors they must draw
The Actors of that Scene.
- 5 Long did they gaze on his fair Face
Its blissful Smile to meet,
Their breasts with warmest Transports
While prostrate at his Feet. [glow'd
- 6 Nor less their burning Love to Him
E'en in this sad Disguise,
When Earth and Hell in horrid League
To vent their Malice rise.
- 7 But Oh! dare I disclaim the Deed,
Or shew a guiltless hand?
Oft with that wrong my Heart consents,
Tho' there I did not stand.

- 8 On me, that Visage once so marr'd
 With beaming Mercy shine ;
 And all my quicken'd Pow'rs shall bless
 The Miracle divine.

LXXVII. *Denied by Peter.*

Matt. xxvi. 74.

- 1 **D**OST thou not know that blessed
 O PETER, look again ; [Face ?
 The sound of these unkindly Words
 Will give thy MASTER Pain.
- 2 What tho' his Cheek retain the Print
 Of unexampled Woe,
 Yet may thine Eyes, now sparkling
 His heav'nly Visage know. [Shame,
- 3 His Brows not furrow'd yet by Time,
 Tho' wrinkled deep with Blows,
 While o'er his Head vindictive Wrath
 In swelling Surges flows.
- 4 His blessed Face without disguise
 Was not to thee unknown ;
 And durst thou then thy LORD deny
 In unrelenting Tone ?
- 5 O could this shocking Word get vent ?
 How couldst thou breathe that sound
 Which in IMMANUEL's aching Breast
 Transfix'd so deep a Wound ?
- Or how the hellish thought admit
 In thy unguarded heart,

When told that Satan meant to lift
Thy Soul in ev'ry part ?

7 Think thou, O think, is this thy Faith,
Thou didst unbidden plight,
When warned by thy guardian FRIEND
Of this approaching Night ?

8 What brittle things are Man's Resolves !
How like the Cobweb blown !
Behind the raging Blasts of Sense
Their place is seldom known.

9 Thou, PETER, hold'st a Mirror up
To point me out my Heart ;
Thus fares it with the best, if CHRIST
But one short Hour depart.

LXXVIII. *Clothed in purple, and bearing
a Reed in his Hand.* Mark xv. 17.

1 SEE HIM, whose high almighty Hand
Heav'n's Sceptre long has sway'd,
Arrested at a lawless Bar,
And by bold Worms defy'd.

2 Now in Derision must He grasp
The brittle waving Reed ;
See how the thorny plaited Crown
Wreathes round his sacred Head !

3 The knee disdainfully they bow,
With Scoffs MESSIAH hail,
Beneath whose frown the cursed Fiends
Still unlamented wail.

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- 4 Suffic'd it not, exalted ONE,
Thou stript thyself so bare,
But must th' insulting Wretches still
Thy sacred Garments tear?
- 5 Now in mock purple see Him dress'd
Who wore so fair Array,
Long e'er these Heav'ns his Glory shew'd,
Or shone with rising Day!
- 6 All Nature, weep perpetual Dews,
To see Him clad in shame,
Who heard Hosannahs ceaseless ring
To his eternal Name.
- 7 He cloth'd the herbage of the Field
In suits of richest Dye,
Yet see his blessed Shoulders clad
With Robes of Infamy!
- 8 Say, wears He now the purple Garb?
You lent Him this in Scorn;
Ah! no, his Robes of dazzling hue
Outshine the rosy Morn.
- 9 Has JESUS yet a royal Sway?
What Sceptre bears He now?
Is it beneath this bruised Reed
These mocking Foes still bow?

LXXIX. *Crowned with Thorns.*

Mark xy. 17.

- 1 O! How I shrink to see those Brows
Feel agonizing Pain!

While thence the trickling purple streams
His royal vesture stain.

- 2 'Those sacred Temples well it suits
Far other Crown to wear ;
Which Heav'n's eternal Diadem
E'er birth of Time did bear.

- 3 Accurs'd for ever be those Thorns
That pierc'd his blessed Head ;
Or rather blasted be that Hand
Which wrought the barb'rous Deed.

- 4 Bright Diamonds set in glitt'ring Rows
Would on these Tresses fade ;
How low his godlike Grandeur sinks,
When Thorns all o'er them spread !

- 5 Those flowing Eyes, that dew'd yon hill
With sympathetic Streams,
Amid the crimson fluid swim,
And dart but cloudy Beams.

- 6 O most ingrate Jerusalem !
That will not yet relent !
Was it for this his briny Tears
On Olivet were spent ?

- 7 Why does not Nature rend her frame
And moulder at the Sight ;
When Nature's GOD 'twixt Earth and
Stands in such dismal Plight ? { Hell

- 8 But Ah ! not guiltless were my hands,
That hour they lent their Aid ;
When on his death-devoted Head
My num'rous Crimes were laid.

- 9 These with their deadly-venom'd Points
 Pierc'd deep his inmost Soul ;
 They made black Terrors, swelling high,
 Thro' all his Mind to roll.

LXXX. *Behold the Man !* John xix. 5.

1 **P**URSUE, my Soul, the blessed MAN
 Thro' Life's dark painful Race,
 Still more enamour'd at each view
 Of that disfigur'd Face.

2 Behold the Cistern of his Soul
 Quite charged to the brim ;
 In Sorrows boiling from his Heart
 His Eyeballs nightly swim !

3 See Heav'n's ADOR'D all-patient bear
 Reproach, and Pain, and Scorn ;
 His Name, eternally rever'd,
 By impious Lips is torn !

4 But Oh ! attend the closing Scene,
 See countless Wonders rise !
 If thou canst bear the piercing sound
 Of thy CREATOR's Cries.

5 With Smiles that Son of black Deceit
 I see Him step to meet ;
 And with an unresentful Brow
 The miscreant Traitor greet.

6 He saw the Furnace flaming high
 Blown by almighty Ire ;
 Yet dauntless leaps to catch the Brands,
 And quench the glowing Fire.

- 7 Behold Him panting on the Tree
 With crimson deeply stain'd !
 And all his quick high-feeling Pow'rs
 With rending Tortures pain'd !
- 8 No wonder, Day's bright Lamp withdrew
 And shun'd the shocking Sight,
 Or Earth beneath so dire a Load
 Heav'd fore with strange Affright.

LXXXI. *Forfaken of GOD.*

Mark xv. 34.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, where are thy wonted
 Smiles ?
 And wilt Thou these suspend ?
 When under more than mortal Weight
 My sinking Shoulders bend ?
- 2 E'en to thy uncreated Eyes
 The Woes I feel are new ;
 Like Scene to this Eternity
 Will never spread to view.
- 3 Lo ! universal Nature round,
 Each Spring to me is dry ;
 And must I now to crown my Pangs
 Be Outcast from on high ?
- 4 These Pangs will to an Universe
 Thy strictest Justice show,
 That Treason 'gainst a GOD draws deep
 Heav'n's brightest Hosts will know.
- 5 Far higher Lustre round thy Throne
 From this dark Scene shall shine,

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- Than if that ruin'd Race were left
In endless Woes to pine.
- 6 Thy Love divine in ev'ry Groan
From Pole to Pole resounds ;
Thy Mercy's Fame thro' nature rings
From out these speaking Wounds.
- 7 These Streams that dye the trembling
Ground
Shall keep thy Truth unstain'd,
And to each Son of Reason prove
Thy Threats were all unfeign'd.
- 8 These Stripes will shew thy Hate divine
Against Men's wilful Crimes,
Far more than Hell's tremendous Roar
Thro' all succeeding Times.
- 9 That Guilt and Woe go hand in hand
My dying Breath will teach,
That Pain the offspring is of Sin
To all will loudly preach.
- 10 If then thy Glory by my Pains
Shall spread itself so wide ;
Resign'd, my GOD, I suffer all—
Thy wonted Comforts hide.

LXXXII. *Drinking the Vinegar.*
Mark xv. 36.

- 1 **H**AVE all the ancient Crystal Springs
That ooze from yonder Sky,
Brew'd down the upper Floods in vain,
And drain'd their Cisterns dry?

- 2 That JESUS thus unheeded cries
For but one cooling Drop?
And yet above, beneath, around
The Fountains seem to stop.
- 3 At length a Bosom, harder froze
Than the cold northern Snow,
Bids the fell Potion from the Sponge
Thro' his blest Lips to flow.
- 4 Amid the last dissolving Pangs
Poor Cordial this must prove;
Sour was this Draught compar'd to that
The Ransom'd quaff above.
- 5 How hard that of his rightful own
He could not find supply!
That Nature midst unheard of Need
Should thus her GOD deny!
- 6 How sweet the Cup which his blest Hand
To Hosts seraphic fills!
But Ah! how diff'rent this sad stream
Thro' his rent Bosom thrills!
- 7 Suspend your Rage, ye impious Crowd,
Nor dare these Dregs to squeeze;
Presume you to the PRINCE OF LIFE
To wring these bitter Lees?
- 8 If unrelenting of this Deed
You to the Grave should sink,
Soon will a Cup of sourer Taste
Be mingled for your Drink.
- 9 Not guiltless I, my Fingers press'd
Some drops of yonder Draught,

From faulty Deeds my Hands have done
His Cup with Wrath was fraught;

- 10 The Sweets of Sin, short ferment o'er,
To rankest bitters turn,
Which in MESSIAH's Heart and
Like liquid Fire did burn. [Mouth
- 11 O blessed, blessed be the MAN
Who bore such Grievs for me,
And mid those writhing Tortures hung
A Victim on the Tree.

LXXXIII. *It is finished.* John xix. 30.

- 1 **N**OW, now, the arduous Task is o'er,
The Price of Souls is paid;
And in the Treas'ry of the Skies
The promis'd Ransom's laid.
- 2 Let now OMNIPOTENCE itself
Say, if ought more is due,
And I the direful conflict past
Will yet for Man renew.
- 3 Let Heav'n produce its equal Scales
To weigh Man's deepest Wrong,
And if my Payment yet prove short,
My dying Pangs prolong.
- 4 FATHER, I lie beneath thy Stroke;
The Blow I will not shun,
Till thou proclaim to Choirs on high,
"REDEMPTION's Work is done."
- 5 I yield not up my final Breath,
Nor bow my sinking Head;

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Till to the bright angelic Hosts
The cancel'd Bond be spread.

6 If Justice yet one Mite demands,
Bring in its ancient Claim,
Cheerful from out this bleeding Heart
I'll instant wring the same.

7 That mixture of almighty Wrath
My Lips did patient drain ;
" 'Tis finish'd, " nor of its sad dregs
Does one small Drop remain.

8 FATHER, the awful Deed discharge,
And nail it to this Tree,
That to the closing hour of Time
The Ransom'd may go free.

LXXXIV. *Crying with a loud Voice, and
yielding up the Ghost.* Matt. xxvii. 50.

1 **W**HAT Voice was that, which cried
so strong
And pierc'd the azure Skies ?
'Twas JESUS who on Hell's deep Flood
Of Wrath unmingled lies.

2 Fast breaking in with tenfold Rage
Its Billows o'er Him roll,
They force the doors of Thought aside,
And roar thro' all his Soul.

3 Now Heav'n suspends its wonted Smile,
Black Fiends are hov'ring round ;
They strike deep horrors thro' his Mind,
Loud Execrations sound.

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- 4 In plenteous Drops the purging Stream
Springs fast from ev'ry Pore ;
And by the spreading crimson Dews
He clears our guilty Score.
- 5 Tho' Death in all his Terrors dress,
And grin with horrid Frown,
Unmov'd He stands the dreadful Brunt
Till all his Darts are thrown.
- 6 At length the deadly Foe prevails,
The vital Flame burns low,
Nor wonder, when a Sea of Wrath
Does thus around it flow.
- 7 His Head that long sustain'd the Shock
Begins at last to sink ;
Now push'd thro' ev'ry Lane of Life
He hovers on the Brink.
- 8 How sharp the Strokes that on his Back
The Arm of Justice laid !
Till with the parting Pang He cried,
" Man's Debt is fully paid."
- 9 The Source of Life now sets in Death,
Behold his Eye-lids close ;
And with a loud triumphant Voice
Concludes his mortal Woes.

LXXXV. *Suffering and Dying.*

Isai. liii. 5.

- 1 SEE threat'ning Wrath, a pond'rous
O'er Earth suspended hang, [Load,
To crush our Race, and make them feel
Th' intolerable Pang !

- 2 IMMANUEL stept into our Place,
And the dread Vengeance bore,
Beneath whose weight unnumber'd Fiends
Shall raise their endless Roar.
- 3 Think what He felt, when on his Head
Th' o'erwhelming Mountain fell;
How He was bruis'd, ten thousand Pores
Each issuing Blood can tell.
- 4 With agonizing Throes and Smart
See his pale Body rent!
Unshrinking still the Load sustain'd
Till all its force was spent!
- 5 Tho' Man that anger had inflam'd,
At Man too meant the Stroke;
Yet JESUS meets the bursting Cloud;
On Him that Thunder broke.
- 6 No Crime his guiltless Breast did stain,
Yet stripes He feels full sore,
Which all the tender nervous Web
At once asunder tore.
- 7 By sympathetic Bosom urg'd
Stern Justice' Arm He stay'd,
Beneath its unrelenting Scourge
His blessed Shoulders laid.
- 8 An expiation for Man's Guilt
The vital Flame He yields,
And thus the thankless human Race
From Heav'n's Revenges shields.

- 9 T'appease its Ire, his precious Soul
 He on the Altar lays,
 Regardless, while the Lightning's flame
 Around his Off'ring plays.
- 10 Of all Man's ill He bore the blame,
 Then in his stead He dies,
 And at the Foot of Justice' Throne
 A breathless Victim lies.

LXXXVI. *His Meekness and Patience in suffering.* Isai. liii. 7.

- 1 **W**HILE Justice thunder'd round his
 See JESUS all serene ! [Head
 How like a GOD He stands the Shock,
 And dauntless views the scene !
- 2 Unbridled Tempests storm'd around
 His calm unruffled Soul !
 No rising Waves of Discontent
 Thro' his pure Bosom roll.
- 3 Meek as the Lamb, led forth for Death,
 Which unrepining lies,
 When to its Throat th' un pitying hand
 The fatal Knife applies.
- 4 Or as the Dam unbleating rests
 Beneath whose hands 'tis shorn,
 Nor once complains when from her side
 The fleecy Vesture's torn.
- 5 No Ear or human or divine
 Heard him affronts return ;
 Nor did his Breast mid' causeless Wrongs
 With vengeful Rancor burn.

- 6 When once his Cheek from impious
 Receiv'd the spiteful Blow, [hands
 He stopt the flaming Thunderbolt
 Just lighting on the Foe.
- 7 When purple Streams gush'd from his
 Sluic'd by the thorny Crown, [Brow
 All-gracious Pity from his Heart
 That hour ran faster down.
- 8 When Guards celestial in Amaze
 Their Weapons brandish'd high,
 Impatient for their SOV'REIGN's Nod
 To let their Vengeance fly ;
- 9 That hour, with Eye on Heav'n full-fixt,
 How warmly He implores
 Its Blessings on relentless Foes
 From Mercy's boundless Stores !
- 10 A Cup wrung full of bitter Wrath
 E'en to the Dregs He sips ;
 Heav'n deaf to yon heart-rending Cry
 Still holds it to his Lips.
- 11 O Scene of Woe ! MESSIAH mourns
 With unavailing Cry !
 Those Groans, which Nature loud
 Yet unregarded lie ! [refounds,
- 12 How meek, when last convulsive Throes
 His deep-prest Bosom rend !
 Beneath the Load of human Guilt
 His godlike Shoulders bend !

LXXXVII. *Dead.* Luke xxiii. 46.

- 1 **O** Death, resistless is thy Pow'r !
Unnumber'd are thy slain !
Each passing Age has own'd thy Sway,
And felt heart-rending Pain.
- 2 Wide o'er this Globe thy Empire's
Bounds
Thro' downward Tracts have spread ;
In thy damp solitary Vaults
All Ranks have made their Bed.
- 3 Infatiate, unrelenting Foe !
Could not all Earth suffice ?
But must Thou aim thy Blow on high,
And deal it on the Skies ?
- 4 I cease to wonder, tho' I view
Earth's gasping Monarchs lie,
While mid thy agonizing Pangs
I see MESSIAH die.
- 5 And did He die ? Who stood beside
While He resign'd his Breath ?
Which of the bright etherial Hosts
Clos'd his blest Eyes in Death ?
- 6 Then far and wide thro' Nature's Realms
The awful Tidings flew ;
Creation dress'd that hour in black,
And wore a mourning hue.
- 7 Th' angelic Choirs their Song suspend,
Silence in Heav'n is found,
While thro' Earth's frightened Vales below
Their MAKER's Groans resound.

- 8 Hell thro' her dismal tenfold Gloom
 Reverberates the Din,
 Since JESUS bleeds for Adam's Race,
 But bears not Angels' Sin.
- 9 O Earth ! how couldst thou bear the
 Of an expiring GOD ? | Weight
 How could thy massy Pillars stand
 Beneath the awful Load ?
- 10 No Wonder thy rent Bosom heaves,
 And Rocks asunder part,
 When JESUS feels the pointed Spear
 Approach his bursting Heart!

XXXXVIII. *Taken down from the Cross.*
 Luke xxiii. 53.

- 1 O H! now a Conquest of high Worth
 The Victor Death has won ;
 This Captive's Fall th' affrighted Earth
 Did to her Centre stun.
- 2 The King of Terrors sorely rued
 That He that Shaft had thrown,
 When on the bloody Field deceas'd
 The PRINCE OF LIFE was known.
- 3 Sure Heav'n this hour will wrest the
 From Death's un pitying hand ; [Blade
 And why this barb'rous Murder done,
 In angry Tone demand ?
- 4 Now in the Bed of Honor spread
 In Death's cold Arms He sleeps ;

Nature beholds and wrings her hands,
And all in Sables weeps.

- 5 See ! from the Tree the Corpse let down,
Its gaping Wounds appear !
While Legions from the upper Worlds
Astonish'd view the Bier.
- 6 No wonder Earth should reel aghast,
And wide her Bosom rend,
While Seraphs in new Mourning clad
Around the Corpse descend.
- 7 That Bed of all Disgrace is stript,
'Tis glorious now to die,
For He, who rounded Heav'n's high Orbs,
Breath'd an expiring Cry.
- 8 Ye Friends of JESUS, shrink no more
At the grim Jaws of Death ;
Sure 'tis high honor, like your GOD,
To yield your vital Breath.
- 9 The Foe's dread Lance has left its Point
In JESUS' bleeding Side ;
Then fear not, when with blunted Spear
He makes his latest Stride.

LXXXIX. *Wrapped in Linen, and borne
to the Sepulchre.* Luke xxiii. 53.

- 1 **E**ARTH may unfold her finest Web
To wrap his lifeless Hands,
Who o'er her gloomy darksome Sphere
The azure Sheet expands,

- 2 Who from the fleecy cloud did spin
The Curtains of the Night,
And decks the Mantle of the sky
Each morn with Dyes so bright.
- 3 'Tis fit the Aromatic Climes
Their rich Perfumes should yield
To Him, whose fragrance ceaseless breathes
O'er all the Arabian Field.
- 4 And must these Eyelids be lock'd up,
And bid farewell to day?
Close wrapt in bandages of Death,
No Beams around them play?
- 5 The fun'ral Pomp, solemn and slow,
Moves thro' th' unheeding throng;
Ten thousand Legions from on high
Escort the Bier along.
- 6 While puny Mortals stand aside
And godlike honors fly;
The Seraphs snatch their brightest Plumes
While soaring silent by.
- 7 Till now no Angel heav'd a sigh,
Or drest in fable hue;
Their Cheeks were never dew'd before;
To Them this scene is new.
- 8 Black Streamers wave to mark each Prize
Death from the living steals;
In upper worlds none knew till now
What Man on Death-bed feels.

- 9 Strange sight ! a Burial from the skies !
 And yet that Fun'ral thin !
 The Hosts above (if that could be)
 Might strive that Post to win.
- 10 How oft in thought I tread that Ground
 Mid tributary Tears !
 To JESUS' Tomb at Midnight step,
 And bury all my Fears.
- 11 This is the Walk, tho' lone and still,
 Where wisdom's Sons retire ;
 Where oft their kindling spirits blaze,
 And catch celestial fire.
- 12 Ye Sons of Pleasure, send your Thoughts
 To view this awful spot ;
 No more You'll grasp at Shadows here,
 Or on Earth's play-things doat.

XC. *Buried.* Matt. xxvii. 60.

- 1 **N**OW Earth rips up her rocky Breast
 The lonely Couch is spread ;
 Beneath that low unfunny roof
 MESSIAH makes his Bed.
- 2 No foe insults his slumbring Clay ;
 The Grave's a peaceful Home :
 At last He finds a calm Retreat
 Within his Virgin Tomb.
- 3 The Grave astonish'd at her guest
 Sore dreads, Her Sway is past,
 Behind this fatal hour suspects
 Her Empire will not last.

- 4 Full fast She feels the high Perfumes
Thro' her damp Vaults to spread,
Sweet-breathing Odours quickly scent
The Mansions of the dead.
- 5 Thro' all these shades a Gleam appears,
The Grave with Hope is green;
Its tenfold Gloom begins to clear,
Bright Dawnings then were seen.
- 6 Undress, ye Fav'rites of the Sky,
Nor sink with fears oppress,
Amid this low unnoisy House
You'll undisturbed rest.
- 7 No Worm this PRINCE does once annoy
While in soft Slumbers lost,
But three short Days, O cruel Grave,
Thou couldst this Conquest boast.
- 8 Thy inner chambers shall unfold
When JESUS breaks their Bands
The Bars long-rusting on thy Gates
Burst at his high Commands.
- 9 I'll cheerful bid this world adieu,
Nor dread to step aside;
All fearless yield the Grave its Due,
And in its Realms reside.
- 10 The Blessed ONE his Pillow left
When He forsook that Bed;
There shall my Head repose full soft
When that dark Couch is spread.

THE RESURRECTION, ASCENTION,
AND INTERCESSION OF CHRIST,
WITH THE MISSION OF THE HOLY
GHOST.

XCI. *The Resurrection of CHRIST*, Luke
xxiv. 6. Matt. xxvii. 52, 53.

- 1 **D**OES not the Pulse of Nature stop
While JESUS breathless lies?
How can the Streams of Life flow on
When thus their Fountain dies?
- 2 O Earth! how dead thy spacious Womb
If now it feels no Pain,
While meanly shrivel'd up therein
The SON of GOD lies slain!
- 3 This Guest makes all thy Bosom throb,
And heave that sad'ning Groan;
Methinks, thy Breast with Horror shrinks
At what thy Sons have done.
- 4 Boast not, O Grave, of this thy Guest,
Thy Triumph will not last;
These fetters soon shall rend in twain
Which hold Him now so fast.
- 5 He'll stay to warm thy deep damp Rooms,
Perfume thy dreary Bed;
And a soft Couch within thy Vaults
For all his Follow'rs spread.
- 6 Methinks, I see the Angel bend
To set the Pris'ner free;

Commillion'd to unlock the Tomb
With adamantine Key.

7 How chang'd the Scene! Creation throws
Her mourning liv'ries by ;
And all her Orbs make haste to dress
In Robes of fairest dye.

8 Now JESUS bursts the bands of Death
While Heav'n beams strong around ;
Hark ! thro' the universal space
Ecstastic transports sound.

9 New Angels from the Tomb just rais'd
Hail this triumphant morn ;
And clad in bright immortal garbs
The rising pomp adorn.

10 Ye slumb'ring Mortals, haste, awake,
Salute your conqu'ring GOD,
Before He bid our World adieu,
And track yon upward Road.

XCII. *His Ascension*, Psalm. lxviii. 17, 18.

1 **B**LEST news ! a fallen world redeem'd !
IMMANUEL's work is done ;
And from devouring jaws of Death
The mighty Prize is won.

2 The Chariots of the LORD attend
To waft Him to his Crown ;
This glorious Triumph to conduct
Behold them marching down.

- 3 Just o'er his Head the op'ning Heav'n's
Pour forth a blaze of day ;
While Millions prostrate at his feet
Their humble homage pay.
- 4 Down on yon mount He turns his eye
Where late He bow'd the Head ;
What unknown transports now He feels
To view the godlike deed !
- 5 Lo ! now He show'rs celestial Grace
O'er all his chosen Band ;
Heav'n's richest Boons with Mercy
Descend at his Command. [fraught
- 6 The Skies with loud Hosannahs ring
While JESUS springs on high ;
Glad Anthems sound from pole to pole
" Behold ! Salvation nigh."
- 7 Lift up your Heads, ye wide-leav'd gates,
The destin'd Hour is near,
When at those everlasting Doors
IMMANUEL shall appear.
- 8 Ye radiant Guards, who round the Throne
In ceaseless Raptures stand,
Haste, wing you down, and join the Train,
The PRINCE of LIFE's at hand.
- 9 Let Heaven's high arches hail its KING
With matchless Glory crown'd ;
And all the crystal Palaces
With loftiest Strains resound.
- 10 Ye Morning Stars, that sang aloud
When Earth from Chaos rose,

Now let your sweet mellifluous Tongues
Far other Joys disclose.

- 11 Let all the Harps of Paradise
High Hallelujahs raise;
Eternity will prove too short
To sound forth all his Praise.
- 12 See! there He comes pavilion'd high,
On golden Cloud He flies;
Celestial Choirs spread wide their ranks,
And shout Him thro' the Skies.
- 13 The Sun at his approach grows dim,
The Stars are blown aside,
Their glim'ring rays before his Face
Deep in their Sockets hide.
- 14 The upper Courts appear to view,
The Residence of GOD;
And beaming strongest Lustre round
Adorn that blest Abode.
- 15 'Tis past a Mortal's ken to judge
What Seraphs felt that hour,
When from MESSIAH's lofty Throne
Immortal Day did pour.
- 16 Now JESUS sits in Light enthron'd
With circling Myriads round,
While vail'd Adorers cast their Crowns
Low on that sacred Ground.

XCIII. *His Intercession*, Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 SEE JESUS, nigh th' eternal Throne,
Wreath'd round in Glory stand!
He rears aloft his godlike Brow,
And waves his mighty Hand.
- 2 His Lips with choicest Myrrh distil,
There sweet persuasion dwells;
The Church in loud responsive strains
Their pow'rful Rhet'rick tells.
- 3 Strong moving pleas He urges fast,
And spreads his Arms full wide,
His Finger turns the Mantle by,
And shews his bleeding Side.
- 4 His speaking Wounds yet plead aloud,
And still the Nail-prints shew;
E'en Justice listens to those Notes
Which in soft Numbers flow.
- 5 Each glorious Scar can whisper strong
In that attentive Ear,
These all prove Advocates for Man,
And cry, "yon Rebels spare."
- 6 'Till blood divine shall cease to speak,
And Heav'n condemn its sound,
Let no Despair for human Deeds
In human Hearts be found.
- 7 Ye Blest, to whom dear JESUS' Name
Breathes sweet as heav'nly Balm,
These Intercessors sure must hush
Your anxious Thoughts to Calm.

- 8 Your FRIEND on high prefers your cause,
 Each Seraph hears your Name;
 And when by Breath of Envy dimm'd
 He wipes that causeless Shame.
- 9 Still as you sigh the growing want,
 He notes it instant down;
 And quick from his unbounded Store
 Is dropt the needed Boon.
- 10 Full oft He spells the dawning Wish,
 Interprets well each Moan;
 And, when the Heart is pointed right,
 Misconstrues ne'er a Groan.

XCIV. *Another on the same Subject.*

- 1 JESUS, our everlasting FRIEND,
 Has never sued in vain;
 Nor thro' Eternity's wide Round
 Will Heav'n his Plea disdain.
- 2 Deep-graven on his glowing breast
 Unnumber'd Names He bears;
 And with a sympathetic Hand
 He bottles up their Tears.
- 3 The Wish, that in the Womb of Thought
 As yet half-formed lies,
 He views at once, and marks it down
 In Volumes of the Skies.
- 4 When Guilt arraigns in angry Tone,
 And Conscience threatens loud,
 The bold Accuser's dumb at sight
 Of yonder crimson Flood.

- 5 Ye upright Few, whose faultring Tongues
Oft breathe a trembling Sound,
No sigh you fetch is lost in Air,
Or falls upon the Ground.
- 6 The humble Pray'r ne'er asks in vain,
Nor new-born Breathings die,
E'er pass'd Heav'n's outward Court, they
GOD's gracious Throne on high. [reach
- 7 While nature sleeps, your fervent strains
Shall find their midnight way;
Nor from the Road to JESUS' Ear
Will warm Devotions stray.
- 8 String well the Bow, take steady Aims
Before your Arrows fly,
Such Shafts when wing'd by mighty faith
Would pierce a brazen Sky.

XCV. *The Mission of the Holy Ghost*, John
xiv. 18. xvi. 7.

- 1 **W**ILL our great PATRON leave his
As Orphans without aid, ^{own}
Who to retrieve them from Despair
The costly Ransom paid?
- 2 Does He not ever-mindful stand
Before th' eternal Throne,
Suits to prefer from our low World,
And send free Pardons down?
- 3 Hence Love's grand Myſtery unfolds,
The COMFORTER is giv'n;

Behold, a Nation born at once—
See Earth allied with Heav'n.

- 4 What means this strange Phænomenon?
Will GOD with Mortals dwell?
The Records of fair Truth consult,
Those Oracles can tell.
- 5 Was not the SPIRIT promis'd long,
As streaming from on high?
And Millions lifting wishful Eyes
To view Salvation nigh?
- 6 Were legal Cleansings made of old
By Water and by Fire?
Or did they ask the sprinkled Blood,
And hallowing Oil require?
- 7 Lo! their full Virtues center deep
In the Celestial DOVE;
While wash'd and purified and cleans'd
The Saints his Unction prove.
- 8 Blest Source of Grace, on human kind
Thy sev'n-fold Gifts bestow,
Till Streams, like those on Zion's Hill,
This Wilderness o'erflow.

XCVI. *The Divinity, Works, and Office of the Spirit.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH HOLY GHOST, the Third
In order of the THREE,
(While FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT shew
The Source, the Stream, the Sea.)

- 2 He, Dove-like, brooding o'er th' Abyss
Of dark chaotic Earth,
Inform'd the sluggish mass, and hatch'd
Creation into Birth.
- 3 He too in organized Dust
By Heav'n's supreme Decree
Inbreath'd at first a living soul
Intelligent and free.
- 4 But in Redemption's nobler Plan.
A diff'rent Wonder shews,
And GABRIEL from on high brings down
The Bliss-inspiring News;
- 5 MESSIAH's Body, fram'd beneath.
By HIS o'ershadowing pow'r,
Fruit of a Virgin Womb is born.
In most auspicious Hour.
- 6 Nor less the Miracle of Grace
Wrought by his heav'nly Art,
Oft as in human Breasts is form'd.
The new and fleshly Heart.
- 7 The PROMISE of the FATHER known,
On Earth He still descends,
To comfort whom the SAVIOUR calls
His Brethren and his Friends;
- 8 To harmonize the living Stones
Into a beauteous frame;
Then consecrate the Temple fair
To found IMMANUEL's fame.

FOR PENITENTS AND BACKSLIDERS.

XCVII. *Confession of Sin*, Psalm. xxxii. 5.

- 1 **T**HOU teeming Source of spreading
Fain would my Bosom vent [Bliss,
Its mournful Tale before thy face,
And pour its sad Complaint.
- 2 My Breast beats high with strong remorse,
I blush with conscious shame;
My faulting Tongue dreads to pronounce
The blest eternal NAME.
- 3 With blackest Deeds I'm clad all o'er,
Beneath their Weight I bend;
To throw the pondrous Load aside
What fruitless Toil I spend!
- 4 I strive to purge the Crimson Hue,
Yet still the spots remain;
In sorrow's Scream I nightly bathe,
Yet still behold the stain.
- 5 The scorching Heat that boils within
Full oft I try to cool,
But oh! thro' all my feverish Mind
Dark Terrors ceaseless roll.
- 6 Kind Friends I beg with earnest Suit
Some Comfort to impart,
Yet the deep Plague still rages on,
And sore I feel its Smart.
- 7 When all these human Efforts fail
I look to yonder Skies,

Then oft there dawns a Beam of Hope
That Heav'n will hear my Cries.

- 8 Methought I heard a cheering Voice
In gentle Whispers found,
That Streams to purge Sin's blackest stains
In JESUS' side are found.
- 9 May Mercy guide my wand'ring Eyes
To this fair Font above,
That in its Current I may plunge,
And all its Virtues prove.

XCVIII. *Another on the same Subject*, Psalm
li. 4.

- 1 **T**HOU SUN, who warm'st the human
O! thaw my frozen pow'rs, [Heart
That from these Eyelids may distil
Fresh penitential show'rs.
- 2 To Thee, my GOD, my STAY, my ALL,
To Thee I own the wrong;
In Insults bold on thy high Throne
I Wretch persisted long.
- 3 Thy royal Edicts stamp'd with Love
I spurn'd with deep Disdain;
Allegiance to the KING of KINGS,
Sad Truth! I counted vain.
- 4 Thy Voice without Concern I heard
Address'd in mildest Tone,
Yet from my kind Pursuer ran.
To ruin hast'ning on.

- 5 Warm show'ring Mercies from above
Were rain'd to melt my heart ;
But still despis'd—tho' of thy Rod
Thou mad'st me feel the Smart.
- 6 Oft were thine everlasting Arms
To clasp me spread full wide ;
Yet from thy blest embrace I leap'd,
And sought from Thee to hide.
- 7 Conscience within my guilty Breast
Heav'd many a painful Sigh,
Its Home upbraidings I suppress'd,
And strove to drown its Cry.
- 8 Heav'n's sweetest Boons I turn'd to Gall,
With its own Blessings fought,
While ev'ry morn, new-wing'd with Gifts,
New Guilt to me still brought.

XCIX. *Imploring Forgiveness*, Psalm xxv. 11.

- 1 **B**LEST GOD, Thou art supremely good,
And righteous is thy Will ;
The Trophies of thy matchless Love
Heav'n's boundless Regions fill.
- 2 My Guilt now wears affrighting Look,
My Crimes I dread to view ;
Let Mercy's placid Brow confront,
And change their crimson hue.
- 3 Why should thine Arm Omnipotent
Be rais'd against a Worm ?
Why round a puny Mortal's Head
Raise such a mighty Storm ?

- 4 Tho' still beneath thy Stroke I pine,
'Twill prove no joyous Sight
When thy all-pitying Eye looks down
From Heav'n's unmeasur'd Height.
- 5 My howlings from Hell's dreary Dome
Nought to thy Throne will bring;
But spar'd, and rais'd to dwell above,
Thy warmest Praise I'll sing.
- 6 'Twere more than just to forge my Chains,
And seal my endless Woe;
But how shall Mercy then be heard,
Or godlike Yearnings show?
- 7 Thy Foes beneath will loud blaspheme,
And triumph at the sight,
If with an unrelenting Hand
Thou plunge me deep in Night.
- 8 Enroll me in the Page of Life,
And Angel-Hosts above
High Hallelujahs shall resound
In Honor of thy Love.
- 9 Some finish'd Mansion near the Throne
As yet may vacant stand;
Deign, LORD, to add me to the List
Of that adoring Band.

C. On the same Subject.

- 1 **B**ENEATH thy highly-injur'd Throne
Permit a wretch to lie;
O may all-gracious Heav'n attend
My penitential Cry.

- 2 LORD, break that dread entail of Woe
Past in thy Court above :
To pardon is the highest Act
Becomes the GOD of Love.
- 3 Unbend, MOST HIGH, thy awful Brow,
Nor once thine Arm make bare ;
Thyself from thy unpleasing Work
O ! condescend to spare.
- 4 To wreak just Vengeance on thy Foes
Is but thy strange Employ ;
Nor unregretting can thine Arm
Thy Workmanship destroy.
- 5 'Twould counteract thy Scheme of Love
To marr my guilty frame,
Since to drink deep the Cup of Bliss
Kind Heav'n hath form'd the same.
- 6 Thy Threats the flagrant Rebel chace
Who scorns his heart to yield ;
But thy imperial Throne protects
Who humbly quits the Field.
- 7 Forgive, and win this stubborn Heart
For ever to thy Breast ;
No Bindings hold like grateful Ties,
The Cords of Love are best.
- 8 To smile on me might seem to stain
Thy bright eternal Crown ;
But am I not as far beneath
JEHOVAH's angry Frown ?
O

- 9 Thy Grandeur infinite which stamps
 My Guilt of deeper Dye,
 Yet bids me hope—for 'gainst a Mite
 How shall thine Arrows fly ?

CI. *The Prodigal Son's Prayer, Luke*
 xv. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER in Heav'n, I own the wrong
 Against thy GODHEAD done,
 Thy Gifts I shamefully despis'd,
 And spurn'd thy lofty Throne.
- 2 How early in the downward Path
 With eager steps I trod,
 Regardless, tho' thy gracious Hand
 Mark'd out another Road !
- 3 Woo'd by a kind indulgent GOD
 My Breast was all of Steel ;
 To thy Exhortations deaf,
 Tho' tender of my Weal.
- 4 I dar'd thy Threat'nings to defy,
 Oppos'd thy sov'reign Will,
 O'erleapt the Barrier of thy Law,
 And forward rush'd to ill.
- 5 'Gainst Thee, 'gainst Reason, and myself
 I hatch'd the impious Thought ;
 In spite of thine Almighty Arm
 The shameful Deed I wrought.
- 6 Soon weary of parental Care
 From thy Restraints I broke,
 Unanxious tho' my lawless Course
 Thy Justice should provoke.

- 7 'Twere just from Life's fair Register
 My worthless Name to blot;
 Nor durst I murmur, if thy Wrath
 Consume me on the Spot.
- 8 Within thy House I blush to ask
 A lowly menial place,
 And if Thou rank me there the last,
 'Twill prove unequall'd Grace.

CII. *The Insufficiency of human Righteousness,*
 Mic. vi. 6, 8.

- 1 **I**N what Attire must I approach
 His Seat, who dwells on high?
 Or bow before his awful Throne
 Who fills Immensity?
- 2 Shall I blow up the hallow'd flame
 And make his Temple smoke,
 While the devoted Lamb draws near
 To meet the fatal Stroke?
- 3 Or shall I dip my guilty Hands
 Deep in the crimson Flood?
 And sprinkle round the kindling Pile
 The Virgin-Heifer's Blood?
- 4 Or shall the bleating Flocks that graze
 O'er the wide-spreading Mead,
 Be led from all the Pastures round,
 And at his Altar bleed?
- 5 Or must the fruitful Olive pour
 Her fat libations down,

And thro' ten thousand Channels flow
To yield my GOD a Boon ?

6 What if t' appease Almighty Wrath
My smiling Suckling die,
Or if the First-born for my Sins
A breathless Victim lie ?

7 Not e'en ten thousand smoking Worlds
Could my Atonement prove,
Nor once a frowning GOD on high
From his just Purpose move.

8 From off the everlasting Hills
Heav'n's spotless LAMB was slain,
Whose deep-dy'd vital Streams alone
Can purge Sin's mortal Stain.

9 Since Mercy bids the troubled Breast
Its rising fears forego,
Still hears each penitential Cry,
And mitigates each Woe ;

10 Henceforth with Thee, my gracious GOD,
My humble Footsteps move,
And may my Bosom, still like Thine,
To others piteous prove.

11 In even Scales of Justice poiz'd
Myself as others weigh,
Still by the Touchstone Heav'n vouchsafes
Each Thought, Word, Action try.

CIII. *Seeking Rest in CHRIST*, Jer. iii. 22.

- 1 **L**ONG have I wander'd from my GOD
Along Destruction's Brink;
With heedless footsteps stumbled on
Where Thousands hourly sink.
- 2 To Clefts of an eternal ROCK
Fain would I now aspire,
And waft me thro' the yielding Air
On Wings of strong Desire.
- 3 On yonder Point where Seraphs sit
Just o'er their downy Rest,
High on those everlasting Hills
I seek my endless Rest.
- 4 Like NOAH's Dove, I long have stray'd
O'er Tracts of mighty space;
But now within the heav'nly Ark
I seek some humble Place.
- 5 Methinks, all angry Frowns dispers'd
I see the Face Divine;
I see his Brow immortal crown'd
All bright with Glory shine.
- 6 Parental Yearnings warm his Breast,
His Arms are stretched wide;
Soft Pity from his Eyelids drops,
Full Pardons from his Side.
- 7 Behold, He sits pavilion'd high
On Mercy's splendid Cloud;
Thence raining all the Earth around
The sweet-enriching Flood.

- 8 O may my Heart expand to catch
 The Heav'n-descending Show'r;
 And all its wide capacious Banks
 With Streams of Love run o'er.

CIV. *Embracing the Offer of Mercy*, Isaiah
 xii. 1.

- 1 TAKE wing, ye dark despairing Clouds,
 No more my Soul infest:
 Beneath a Sky serene and bright
 My Mind shall calmly rest.
- 2 Now, now Sin's long-unhealing Wounds
 Begin full fast to close:
 My Heart reviv'd beats high with Hope
 And buries former Woes.
- 3 Down from the Paradise of Bliss
 The heav'nly Balm distills;
 Its blessed Stream my mental Pow'rs
 With Health and Vigor fills.
- 4 My Deeds, which loud for Vengeance
 In dark Oblivion sleep; [call'd
 No Voice shall hence their Slumbers break,
 Or raise them from that Deep.
- 5 Heav'n slacks its Thunders, thrills no more
 The Lightning's awful Glare;
 No more shall black remorseful Guilt
 Full in my Visage stare.
- 6 What tho' by Justice' strict Award
 I once was doom'd to Death,

High on the Tree my SAVIOUR hung,
For me resign'd his Breath.

- 7 Black Terrors all around him flew,
He drank unmingled Fire ;
'Twas then his Soul did melt before
That ALL-CONSUMING FIRE.
- 8 By all these dread unheard of Pangs
My Ransom's fully paid ;
JEHOVAH's once uplifted Hand
Is now completely stay'd.
- 9 Sweet heav'nly Peace ! henceforward lodge
Within this tranquil Breast ;
And thou, blest COMFORTER, descend
To be my constant Guest.

CV. *A Backslider returning to GOD, Luke*
xv. 19.

FATHER, allow that tender Name,
Nor disregard my Cries ;
A Wretch, who stain'd the stile of Son,
Low at thy footstool lies.

- 2 Is Pity blotted from thy Breast ?
Can Heav'n forget to love ?
When Ruin grasps its worthless Child,
Will it regardless prove ?
- 3 Durst I this blushing Forehead raise,
Some Plea I fain would urge,
'Till harness'd Vengeance should disarm,
And drop its angry Scourge.

FOR BELIEVERS.

- 4 What tho' I'm crimson'd o'er with Guilt,
Has Heav'n no whitening Dye?
The Saints above, tho' wash'd therein,
Did not the Fountain dry.
- 5 Thy Sun still smiling Nature cheers,
His Rays unlessen'd dart;
Sure Thou, who fill'st that Lamp of Day,
Wilt freer Beams impart.
- 6 Let not my Crimes thy Thunders rouse,
Or make thy Anger flame:
Nought but the razing out such Deeds
Can spread thy Mercy's fame.
- 7 Let not Compassion's flowing Streams
Those upper Worlds forsake;
Nor let the boundless Sea of Grace
Of Pity shew a Lack.
- 8 Tho' I have lost my duteous frame,
And quench'd all filial Love,
Let not my FATHER's Bosom freeze,
Or unparental prove:
- 9 The more I'm plung'd in hellish Guilt,
Thy Grace will shine the more;
And Saints, while endless Ages roll,
With louder Strains adore.

FOR BELIEVERS.

CVI. *Praise for forgiving Mercy*, Psalm
ciii. 12.

- 1 **B**E gone, ye grim, ill-boding Fears,
No more disturb my Mind;

- Fly, all ye Mists of dark Distrust,
As Dust before the Wind.
- 2 My GOD with his eternal Pen
Has dash'd my Treasons out,
And from my late despairing Mind
Dispel'd each rising Doubt.
- 3 My Sins He tore from off my Breast,
And plung'd them deep in Night;
Nor shall they from their darksome Grave
Again spring up to light.
- 4 The Sun, that marks his way from East
To West along the Sky,
Ne'er journey'd yet so far abroad
As where they buried lie.
- 5 He pour'd them in the distant Sea
Ten thousand Fathoms deep;
There from the keenest Glance of Man
They in Oblivion sleep.
- 6 As when the low-hung wand'ring Clouds
From fanning Breezes flee,
Instant the blue ethereal space
All azure-dy'd we see;
- 7 So these o'ershadowing Mists of Sin
That moment disappear'd,
When of a kind relenting GOD
The melting Voice they heard.
- 8 O may my ev'ry Pow'r to Him
Unwearied Tribute bring;
And, while my Date of Being lasts,
His ceaseless Praises sing.

CVII. *Gratitude for divine Mercies, Psalm*
cxvi. 16, 17.

- 1 **B**Y sacred Ties to gracious Heav'n
Is my Allegiance due;
Each passing Moment round my Heart
Wreathes Bindings still anew.
- 2 Thine, great JEHOVAH, only thine
And thine I would be still:
'I hold each perquisite of Life
By Tenure of thy Will.
- 3 Thy potent Hand first brought me forth
From darksome Womb of night,
And decks my soul with fairest Robes
Meet for the Land of Light.
- 4 Ten thousand Comforts sweeten Life,
And make its Draught go down;
Soon as its Stream is fully ebb'd,
Thou wilt with better crown.
- 5 Thine too by still a higher Bond,
Redemption's pow'rful Right;
Thou sav'st me from the jaws of Hell,
And put'st Despair to flight.
- 6 Were I to stall the lusty Doves
That o'er Earth's Pastures tread,
They could not pay my Debt of Love
Tho' slaughter'd in my stead.
- 7 An Heart replete with grateful Vows,
O'erwhelm'd with conscious Shame,

Is all the Off'ring made at once
That Heav'n vouchsafes to claim.

- 8 Let Him, who paid my Ransom down,
Hence ev'ry Pow'r employ;
This Soul Thou bought'st with pain extreme
To Thee I yield with Joy.
- 9 Thine, LORD, I say, for ever thine,
Thine by unalt'ring Choice,
When this pale Hand is cold in Death,
And lost this fault'ring Voice.

CVIII. *Complaining of Inconstancy,*
Rom. vii. 21.

- 1 **A** H me ! beneath a feeble Wing
I'm flutt'ring here below;
And of Religion's joyful Noon
The Dawning faintly know.
- 2 How oft I bend my Bow to dart
An ardent Wish on high !
But still the slack'ning String gives Way
Before the Arrow fly.
- 8 When my wide-straggling Thoughts I
And call my Wishes home, [check
The Wand'ers come but slowly in,
Nay sometimes farther roam.
- Mid sacred Moments vain Desires
Too often dare to rove,
High on the Top of Folly's Mount,
Or thro' the airy Grove.

- 5 That solemn Hour I strive to shut
The Gates that guard the Mind;
So might I lock the angry North,
Or prison fast the Wind.
- 6 Of human Things I slack my hold
To grasp at the divine,
That hour round worldly Vanities
My Heart does faster twine.
- 7 What tho' in pensive Mood I spurn
Earth's Baubles with disdain,
My Bosom warms, and to my Breast
I press them close again.
- 8 Full oft I wish to soar above,
Celestial Joys to know,
But seldom find my Relish gone
For tasteless Sweets below.
- 9 All my Inconstancy to Thee,
O LORD, is fully known;
Be thine then to redress the Ill,
And thine the Praise alone.

CIX. *Comfort for weak Believers.*
Isaiah xlii. 3.

- 1 **A** Spark struck from the Rock divine
First lights Religion's flame,
And on cold Hearths of human Hearts
Heav'n keeps alive the same.
- 2 No Marvel its bright Blaze decays,
And Fire so sacred dies,

When Hell to quench the infant Coal
Ten thousand Engines plies.

- 3 But be not sad, ye drooping Souls,
This Heat who early knew,
Tho' now beneath thick Embers hid,
'Twill soon be blown anew.
- 4 The Breath, that kindled yonder Sun,
And clears the Lamps of Night,
Will stir afresh that heav'nly flame,
And bid it burn more bright.
- 5 When like the tender flax it smokes,
And forms the circling Cloud,
He will not quench the new-born Spark,
He loves the Dawn of Good.
- 6 'Tis JESUS on the human Mind
Begets each pious Thought ;
By Him from out the op'ning Womb
Each heav'nly Wish is brought.
- 7 Sure then this Offspring of a GOD
Will not deserted lie ;
Their gracious Parent from above
Will hear their infant Cry.
- 8 If from thy Mind the faintest Dawn
Has chac'd immoral Night,
Still hope, that an eternal Day
Will shed its Noon-tide Light.

CX. *The Man* CHRIST, *a Shadow and Rock.* *Isai. xxxii. 2.*

- 1 **W**HEN Tempests rave with wild Up-
And strip the Forest's Pride, | roar,
Beneath the Covert of the MAN
In safety I abide.
- 2 When blackning Storms are muster'd up
To pour their Rage around,
I lie beneath his sheltring Wing,
And fearless hear the Sound.
- 3 There Thunders of Omnipotence
My shaded Head shall spare,
Nor will the Hand of Vengeance strike,
Altho' its Arm were bare.
- 4 When Justice aim'd the fatal Blow,
And brandish'd high its Spear,
To Clefts of this eternal ROCK
I tremblingly drew near.
- 5 Now hous'd from all-surrounding Ills,
I from my Shelter view
The Arrows of Almighty Wrath
O'ertake the thoughtless Crew.
- 6 No fervid Ray shall pierce this Screen
Beneath whose shade I rest ;
Nor shall the mould'ring Hand of Time
Its solid Base molest.
- 7 Ye Sons of Slumber, look above,
Behold the low-hung Clouds
Just bursting with tremendous Roar,
And pouring vengeful floods.

- 8 Before the Tempest sweep you down
 Attempt this mighty Hold ;
 Dread no Repulse ; this wondrous MAN
 Now bids the Doors unfold.

CXI. *The impoverished Saint rejoicing in*
 GOD. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **W**HAT tho' perpetual Winter spread
 Its frozen Horrors round ;
 And in its icy Chains lock fast
 The plenteous teeming Ground ;
- 2 What tho' the Figtree do not bud,
 Nor wonted Blossoms blow,
 What tho' the spreading tendril Vine
 Her gen'rous Juice forego ;
- 3 Altho' the Olive's unctuous fruit
 Forbear to yield its Oil,
 And barren Fields, with grainless Ears
 Reward the Tiller's Toil ;
- 4 Altho' the empty Stall no more
 The Herd for Slaughter hold,
 And sportive Lambs no more be seen
 To frisk around the Fold ;
- 5 Life's upper uncreated SPRING
 Runs in no Season dry,
 When Comfort's nether Streams decay,
 It bubbles up on high.
- 6 Thence shall unfading Joys descend
 To crown my happy Choice ;

And all my sprightly blooming Pow'rs
In ISRAEL's GOD rejoice.

CXII. *Life and Safety in CHRIST alone.*
John vi. 68.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the helpless Sons of
For their Protection fly? [Men
If Thou, JEHOVAH JESUS known,
Thy Shelter should'st deny?
- 2 O! whither shall the Guilty run
But to sweet Mercy's Spring?
And to the Rock, whence they were hewn,
With zealous Ardor cling?
- 3 Where should benighted Mortals turn
But to the Source of Day?
And in thy View stretch forth each Pow'r
To meet thy warming Ray?
- 4 Along both Sides this Vale of Tears
From flow'r to flow'r I rov'd;
Their gaudy Leaves still mock'd my Hopes,
And empty Shadows prov'd.
- 5 Now to the Leaves of Life's fair Tree
On feeble Wing I soar,
Whence Angels suck delicious Draughts,
And Nature's GOD adore.
- 6 Let Love divine conduct my Way,
To bring a Wand'rer home;
And hold me by its pleasing Bands
That I no more may roam.

- 7 Here is my best, my ~~sure~~ Resource,
 With Thee, my LORD, to stay,
 Quite thro' Life's Pilgrimage below
 To everlasting Day.
- 8 From thy all-lib'ral Hand supply
 Each Vacancy I feel ;
 From Him, who bought eternal Life,
 I hope for endless Weal.

CXIII. CHRIST *our Shepherd.*
 Psal. xxiii.

- 1 **B**ENEATH a broad unclosing Eye
 Thro' verdant Meads I stray,
 Secure, while with a Shepherd's Care
 My JESUS leads the Way.
- 2 Directed by his past'ral Staff
 I pass my lonesome hours,
 Near where the silent winding Brook
 Its crystal Current pours.
- 3 When Day peeps forth, I venture out
 By Morn's sweet Fragrance led,
 O'er Hills, where Flocks promiscuous move,
 And nip the new-born Blade.
- 4 If fervid Noon shoot down its Ray
 And cause the Herds to low ;
 IMMANUEL leads to soft Retreat
 Where cooling Zephyrs blow.
- 5 What tho'. I tread the darksome Vale
 Where Death's cold Waters run,

Led by his Hand, I'll ford those Streams,
And ev'ry Peril shun.

6 When Winter blasts the Meadow's Pride,
And sweeps the flow'ry Plains,
He'll point me to some warmer Clime
Safe from impetuous Rains.

7 House me before these Blasts arrive ;
I trust thy sov'reign Skill,
To guide to Folds of Paradise
From all surrounding Ill.

8 No Wolves o'erleap their crystal Fence
Full in the SHEPHERD's Eye ;
Nor need those Lambs from rav'ning Foes
With hasty Footsteps fly.

9 O'er sunny everlasting Hills
With Streams of Joy between,
I'll range in yonder World above
Thro' Pastures ever-green.

CXIV. *O ! that I knew where I might find
Him, Job. xxiii. 3.*

1 YE Dwellers on the Coasts of Bliss,
My wand'ring Footsteps guide
To Zion's everlasting Hills,
If there my GOD abide.

2 O ! could I catch one cheering Glance
Of his enliv'ning Ray,
My present Gloom would clear apace,
And bring a joyous Day !

- 3 Could I descry the sacred Spot
Where his Pavilion stands,
And hear the Hallelujahs rise
From yon angelic Bands!
- 4 To right and left I eager stray
And hope his Seat to gain,
Yet with a downcast Brow return,
And find my Labour vain.
- 5 Ye Winds, that waft JEHOVAH's Throne
Thro' Tracts of boundless Space,
Say, where its Pillars now are stay'd,
Where show'rs his wonted Grace.
- 6 Ye radiant Guards, that wheel around,
Your circling Ranks spread wide,
I want an Audience of your PRINCE,
And you withdrawn aside.
- 7 I long to spread my dawning Thoughts
Full in his piercing Eye,
But care not that created Minds
These rising Buds espy.
- 8 No human Ear my Complaint shall hear,
None but my GOD shall know,
What Bubblings from the Heart's dark
Each moment ceaseless flow. [springs
- 9 That hour I'll muster various Pleas,
And at his footstool lie,
'Till He, that human woe dispels,
Shall listen to my Cry.

CXV. *Light in Darkneſs, or godly Sorrow,*
preparatory to true Joy. Pſal. xcvi. 11.

- 1 **O**! 'tis a darkſome Hemisphere
In which we Mortals move ;
But Brighter Day is ſpreading faſt
Thro' all the worlds of Love.
- 2 This paſſing Life is but Man's Spring :
His Seed Heav'n bids Him ſow ;
Like as He ſcatters 'mong theſe Clods
Such in that World will grow.
- 3 E'n now for Fav'rites of the Skies
Are dropt the Seeds of light,
Which cannot pierce the cov'ring Cruſt
Beneath the Shades of Night.
- 4 Our reaping Time's beyond the Grave ;
There waves th' enriching Crop :
While ſtanding in this backward Clime
Nought fills our Hand but Hope.
- 5 Each hour a warm wide-ſtretched Wing
Broods o'er the Juſt's Delights,
But, e'er it hatch thoſe tender Joys,
A warmer Sun invites.
- 6 Let no deſpairing Thoughts ariſe
To ſee th' unſpringing Field ;
When the appointed Season comes,
Rich Harveſt it will yield.
- 7 Then laden'd Ears of Gladneſs hang
From Seeds of Sorrow ſprung,

Long steep in Tears, and from its Stream
With painful Labour wrung.

- 8 Unthought of Increase all around
Shall bless the ravish'd Band :
All o'er the Fields of Paradise
The Sheaves of Joy shall stand.
- 9 Eternity will scarce suffice
To reap that Harvest down :
Fresh-blooming Flow'rs from Zion's Plains
Their cheerful Brows shall crown.

CXVI. *Support against Calumny.*
Psal. lxix. 20.

- 1 **W**HAT tho' the sharp invenom'd
Its rankest Poison dart ; (Tongue,
Tho' of my wounded bleeding Fame
I feel the causeless smart ;
- 2 My Reputation, like the Rose,
Slander's fell Breath may blast ;
One Whisper o'er a harmless Name
The deepest Stain will cast.
- 3 Yet He, who sees my rising Heart
The Crime alledg'd abhor,
Will soon these Clippings of my Fame
With Usury restore.
- 4 Bear up, my Soul, a Hand divine
Obliterates each Blot,
Nor will it on the guiltless Brow
Leave one remaining Spot.

- 5 Then let my Heart its aching cease
When Malice aims her blow ;
The Arrows, that disturb its peace,
Are shot from Envy's Bow.
- 6 Let not the Wound, tho' unprovok'd,
Once set my Mind on Edge ;
Nor let the Waves of boiling Hate
Within my Bosom rage.
- 7 But hear, my Soul, thy PATRON's
Proclaim with solemn Air ; [Voice
" Suppress each Working of Revenge,
" Each Breath of Anger spare.
- 8 " Let Justice wreak the Vengeance due ;
" There make thy calm Appeal ;
" Then Judgment like the Noon-day Light
" Impartial Heav'n will deal.
- 9 " Quit not the Path by Truth prescrib'd
" Tho' thro' Reproach it lie,
" When bit by Slander's cank'ring Tooth
" Ne'er from thy Duty fly.
- 10 " Integrity, that knows no Blush,
" Within thee constant dwell,
" Then shall the last great Day absolve
" Before Heav'n, Earth, and Hell.

CXVII. *It is better to fall into the Hands of
GOD, than of Man.* 1 Chron. xxi. 13.

- 1 **W**HEN from the Fold of Life I stray,
And in the Desert roam,
O Thou, who tend'st angelic Flocks,
That hour recal me home.

- 2 If at the filken Cords of Love
My stubborn Neck shall spurn,
Or at thy kind Restraints repine
Reluctant to return;
- 3 Then deign to plait thy knotted Scourge,
Nor spare thy chast'ning Rod ;
But let it still be kept in Hand
Of an indulgent GOD.
- 4 Bid not a Mortal count my Stripes,
Sure to inflict full Tale,
And with a stern resentful Brow
Unpitying Strokes to deal.
- 5 Or if the Envy-poison'd Tongue
But once its Venom dart,
What healing Hand can pour the Balm
To ease the throbbing Smart ?
- 6 But when constrain'd to lift thy Hand,
Compassion guides the Stroke ;
Oft e'er thy Thunders burst the Cloud,
The angry Bolts are broke.
- 7 If one Hand smite, the other still
For Man's Support is lent ;
Yea, oft Thou callest back thy Threats,
Still ready to relent.
- 8 To strike is not thy Pleasure LORD,
Till gentler Means are try'd ;
Thou long'st to see thy Child return,
And throw the Rod aside.

CXVIII. *Submission under Affliction.*

Job ii. 10.

- 1 **F**ROM GOD's all-bounteous Hand on
Life's lambent flame was lent; [high
And all its Blessings from his Stores
Each fleeting hour are sent.
- 2 Not mine these healthful balmy Gales
That thro' my Nostrils blow,
Which cause the circling Tide of Life
Thro' all its Streams to flow.
- 3 Should Heav'n becalm the gentle Breath
That swells Life's spreading Sail,
Command my Pulse to beat its last,
And vital Warmth to fail;
- 4 'Tis GOD recalls his rightful own,
And redemands his Breath,
To fetch again that precious Loan
He sends his Herald, Death.
- 5 That Cup for Mortals mixed up
Is oft with Bitters fraught;
Yet Heav'n with various sweet'ning Drops
Oft blends th' unpleasing Draught.
- 6 Tho' these withheld, shall peevish Man
Refuse the Streams to sip?
Or vent unreasonable complaints
When Bitters touch his Lip?
- 7 Yet oft his Countenance looks sour
When ought the Palate grates;

Each pleasant Morfel swallows down,
But harsher Physic hates.

- 8 But shall we reach a cheerful Hand
To meet Heav'n's welcome Boon,
Yet in a sullen Mood repine
Because the Comfort's gone ?
- 9 No! blessed be the Spring of good,
When He his Gifts bestows;
When thro' wide Channels, cut by Love,
All round his Blessing flows.
- 10 Nor less let grateful Praise abound
When Comforts take their Wing;
Tho' ev'ry Morn, and ev'ry Eve
Successive Crosses bring.

CXIX. *Another*, Heb. xxii. 5.

- 1 **B**E still, my lab'ring troubled Breast,
Each murm'ring Thought forego;
Nor let a Tide of Discontent
Within thy Bosom flow.
- 2 The Bow by Hand divine was bent
That shot this piercing Dart;
'Twas from on high the Arrow flew
Which gives this painful smart.
- 3 No random Strokes are ever aim'd;
Blind Man sees not the Hand:
Yea, tho' from Earth the Cross should
It grows at Heav'n's Command. [spring,

- 4 Still Wisdom bends the needful Yoke
That wreathes the Neck of Man,
To fix the Wand'rer to the Beam
Who from his Service ran.
- 5 If oft thy choicest Comforts droop
Just when they reach their Prime,
'Tis He who nips the flatt'ring Bud
At Heav'n's appointed Time.
- 6 The prickly Briers that hedge thy Path
By his Permission spread ;
Nor is that Thorn thou feel'st so sore
Without his Knowledge bred.
- 7 Tho' oft with Bitters charged high
Thou spurn th' unsav'ry Cup ;
'Twere best to drink it, and avow
" Kind Mercy mix'd it up."
- 8 Submits beneath his Sceptre bend,
And kiss his waving Rod ;
E'n when deep frowns o'ercast his Brow,
Revere a chast'ning GOD.

CXX. *The Pleasantness of Religion.*

Prov. iii. 17.

- 1 **S**OFT balmy Gales breathe sweet around
Religion's peaceful way ;
Bright Lamps on high still o'er it blaze,
And shed perpetual Day.
- 2 Delightful Whispers heard within
The Breast with Transports fill,

And noisy Passion's clam'rous Din
To instant Calmness still.

3 Tho' prickly Thorns at times beset
The Path that leads to GOD,
The Journeyers thro' each Age attest
It is a joyous Road.

4 What tho' it oft lies up the Steep
Beneath a scorching Ray,
Yet Prospects there divinely sweet
The Labor more than pay.

5 Behind what beauteous Sights repass
Before the good Man's View,
Oft as He sees amidst all harms
His steps safe-guided through !

6 He sees the everlasting Hills
In all their Verdure rise ;
And round their Sides the blissful Plain
Far, far extended lies.

7 His future happy Bow'r unfolds
With splendor brighten'd round ;
Where Hallelujahs to the Throne
From ev'ry Tongue resound.

8 Sometimes the envious spreading Cloud
That distant Land may hide ;
Yet constant in this peaceful Road
His Footsteps still abide.

9 If at the Storm his Courage droop,
Heav'n's Consolations cheer,
Until the darkly-veiled Skies
Once more begin to clear.

- 10 But oh! his Sun all-radiant sets
 At Life's bright Ev'ning's Close;
 While Joy, that human Thought transcends,
 Through all his Bosom flows.

CXXI. *Praying for Support through Life,
 and an happy Death.* Psal. lxxi. 18.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY GOD, whose potent
 Props all the Worlds on high, | Word
 Beneath whose Wing Heav'n's num'rous
 For constant shelter fly. [Hosts
- 2 Permit a Mite that breathes in dust
 On Thee, great STAY, to lean,
 While shaken by perpetual Rubs
 Thro' Life's uneven scene.
- 3 All Pillars else will crumble down,
 Nay, prove a bruised Reed;
 Too weak from threat'ning Harms to screen,
 Or prop my sinking Head.
- 4 Pale-visag'd Age is marching fast
 To meet me on the Way,
 Whose Hand will knead me bitter Bread,
 And dye my Locks with grey.
- 5 At once from Pills now sweeten'd o'er
 The Varnish He will strip:
 No languid Sweets in Life's low Cup
 Will then be left to sip.
- 6 Soon as these mortal Comforts ebb
 May Joys celestial flow;

Delights of more than mortal Taste
Fresh op'ning to my View.

7 When underneath the Load of Years
Thou see'st my Shoulders bend,
From deadlier Weight of moral Ills,
Great GOD, my Soul defend !

8 While Vigor beats in ev'ry pulse,
And Health plays brisk around,
Still loyal to my heav'nly KING
May I each Day be found.

9 Long as fair Days of Life befriend
Thy favor I'll pursue,
And oh ! thy fullest Joys supply
When Joys of Time are few.

CXXII. *On a Father's loss of an only Child.*
Job i. 21.

1 **B**LEST be the Hand outspread so wide
To pour its favors down,
Whose Blessings fresh each rising Day
My peaceful Dwelling crown.

2 Thee too with grateful Strains I praise
Who dost at times recall,
And of thy own take back a part,
Who gav'st me first my all.

3 The rising Sun oft saw me glad
By what thy Mercy sent ;

And now shall see me patient yield
What Heav'n so long has lent.

4 Oft when the Blessing takes its Wing,
And bids a long adieu,
Fast flow our Tears ; our peevish Hearts
Their blasted Comforts rue.

5 Why sigh, altho' one Stream decay,
When the blest Ocean flows,
Still rolling an eternal Tide
To crown our largest Vows ?

6 Altho' one nether Spring runs dry,
My GOD has seen it meet ;
And from some other Fountain soon
Can send me Streams as sweet.

7 This dear Delight thy Hand has cropt
Did at thy bidding spread ;
How fit, that when thy Time was come,
Thy Breath should strike it dead !

8 Thou gav'st it, and my Heart was glad,
Methought 'twas wing'd with Love ;
Now, when thou call'st it back again,
Still kinder it may prove.

9 Short-sighted Man no Danger sees
Beyond the passing hour ;
Tho' Clouds of ill were black'ning round
Full o'er his Head to pour.

- 10 Thy wise all-bounteous Love assign'd
 One Mercy to my Share ;
 Blest be the Hand that takes its own,
 Nor did my Darling spare.

CXXIII. *O that I had the Wings of a Dove,*
&c. Psalm lv. 6.

- 1 **W**HEN shall I burst th' incrusting
 Shell
 That I to Life may spring ?
 Haste, Death, from this my panting Heart
 The vital Juices wring.
- 2 Thrice happy Dove, that from its Foe
 Can waft itself on high,
 While I within a Grate of Sense
 In earthly Fetters lie !
- 3 I long to see my Plumage grown
 That I may fledge my Wing ;
 And to the GOD that lends my Breath
 Immortal Praises sing.
- 4 Ye Hosts, who in perpetual Noon
 Spend everlasting Day,
 Whose Choirs thro' all the blissful
 In endless Raptures stray ; [Bow'rs
- 5 While you your lofty Anthems raise
 And chaunt the heav'nly Song,
 Might I, poor Mortal, throw my Mite
 Angelic Hymns among.
- 6 Then would I tune my feebl' Voice
 And in your Concert join ;

Gladly refound your sweetest Airs
To laud your GOD and mine.

- 7 Could I but listen, while you touch
Your golden Harps above,
My noblest most capacious Pow'rs
Should then symphonious move.
- 8 O! how I long to know the Key
On which the Seraphs sing, [glow
And with what warmth their Bosoms
When they high Tribute bring!
- 9 At times I stretch my growing Plumes
Full bent to reach the Sky,
To join the Songs of Paradise
My tow'ring Pinions try;
- 10 But Ah! within mud-prison Walls
I'm still enclos'd around;
'Tis hard to mount, while this pent Soul
To Flesh is closely bound.
- 11 Yet nimble-footed Time brings near
The Hour that sets me free
From Earth's poor desert joyless Isle,
This Land of Misery.
- 12 O sure! 'twill prove a rapt'rous Morn
When Death my Spirit disbands;
Then like yon Cherubs shall it sing
When mid their Ranks it stands.

CXXIV. *Waiting GOD's Time for Removal
hence. Job xlv. 14.*

- 1 **W**HY thus impatient to be gone ?
Such Wishes breathe no more ;
Let Him, who lock'd thy Spirit in,
When meet, unbolt the Door.
- 2 That GOD, who set this feeble Plant,
Knows when 'tis best to move
From this unfunny frozen Vale
To warmer Climes above.
- 3 Why thus so restless in the Shell
Before thy Feathers grow ?
How could'st thou Sister Spirits join
With Aims and Views so low ?
- 4 Why would'st thou snatch the Victor's
Before the Conquest's won ? [Palm
Or call the Triumph to begin
Before the Battle's done ?
- 5 What Racer asks the Laurel-Wreath
To grace his cheerful Brow,
Before he reach the wish'd for Goal,
The measur'd Course run thro' ?
- 6 Who hastes to mow the milky Grain
Half-form'd in infant Ear ?
Or who, the hollow grainless Husks
Will to his Garner bear ?
- 7 Judge not the Ranks on high so thinn'd
Heav'n's Royal Standard round,
As that from hence unripen'd Saints
Must in their Room be found.

- 8 Inglorious Wish ! to haste away
 While thy LORD's Work's undone !
 To serve Him here, will please no less
 Than praising round the Throne.
- 9 While standing in Earth's nether Field,
 Still may'st thou riper grow ;
 And in due time thy raptur'd Heart
 With stronger Joys o'erflow.

CXXV. *Longing to depart, or the Vanity of Life.* Job vii. 16.

- 1 **H**OW stormy is the Course between
 Man's Cradle and his Grave !
 Full oft his drooping Head half-sinks
 Beneath the foaming Wave.
- 2 Man with his Breath inherits Pain,
 How soon he learns to weep !
 Nor are his Tears completely dry'd
 Till hush'd in Death to sleep.
- 3 Who drinks the Cup of mortal Life
 Must taste large Draughts of Woe ;
 And for each Joy he finds on Earth
 Must Grief alternate know.
- 4 O Thou, who pour'd'st my Being's Stream
 In Vessel form'd of Clay,
 Into a purer Cask transfuse,
 And throw the Dregs away.
- 5 In this low Land of Shadows tir'd,
 I long to be above,

Where I may real Substance grasp,
Nor after Shadows rove.

- 6 Why might not now the Key be turn'd
To set the Pris'ner free ?
I lothe to be in Exile thus
So far remov'd from Thee.
- 7 From Sights long-view'd I turn away ;
What's Life below the Sun ?
O ! how I long my Course to close,
And this dull Race to run !
- 8 O ! that th' incrusting Shell would burst !
Quick would I spread my Wing ;
And to his Arms, that gave me Breath,
With Leap triumphant spring.
- 9 Sad Case ! to feel strong filial warmth,
Nor view my FATHER's Face,
Tho' hourly Sighs to Heav'n ascend
To fold in his Embrace.

CXXVI. *The Soul commended into the Hands
of GOD on the near approach of Death.*
Psalm xxxi. 5.

- 1 **O** Thou, at whose supreme Command
My pulse began to beat,
Within thine everlasting Arms
I seek my last Retreat.
- 2 E'erlong the solemn Tongue of Death
From Life's short Dream shall wake ;
This brittle Case that holds my Soul
His Iron-Hand will break.

- 3 Soon as it bursts, be Thou at hand,
Nor let the Jewel drop ;
To thee I yield that precious Trust,
My everlasting HOPE.
- 4 The murd'rous Hand of grisly Death
Will rifle soon my Heart,
And Partners claspt in long Embrace
At once asunder part.
- 5 Warm to thy Breast my flitting Soul
That moment, LORD, recal ;
Amid the Rage of grinning Fiends
Permit it not to fall.
- 6 This Stream of Life shall ne'er be spilt,
For, lo ! my Being's thine ;
Thou from the muddy Dregs of Sense
Shalt all its Pow'rs refine.
- 7 Thy Word, with Inspiration fraught,
My Charter then shall prove ;
Thy Promise there is Passport sign'd
For fairer Realms above.
- 8 When for my Dissolution ripe
My Breath with thee I'll trust :
Beneath thine Eye I'll fearless leave
My cold and slumb'ring Dust.
- 9 There undisturb'd shall it repose
Till with its Mate rejoin'd ;
The Knittings Thou shalt tie so fast
No Pow'r shall e'er unbind.

CXXVII. *Looking for the second Coming of*
CHRIST. Titus ii. 13.

- 1 **I**N frozen Circles near the Pole
Dark Days we Mortals spend,
Expecting till Creation's SUN
His Course to usward bend.
- 2 From OLIVET, long Ages past,
He mounted far on high ;
E'er since in duskish Hemisphere
Mid Clouds and Mists we lie.
- 3 Bright from the Mount that Morn He
O'er Heav'n shed purest Day ; [rose,
While all the blissful Ranks above
Stood basking in his Ray.
- 4 His distant Beams our twilight form ;
Bright Streamers cheer our Night,
Till He revisit this our Globe,
And put the Shades to flight.
- 5 My panting Heart incessant longs
To see that Morning rise,
When fairer than ten thousand Suns
He'll rend the parting Skies.
- 6 His Absence o'er this distant World
Perpetual Winter keeps,
And Earth's Horizon clouded round
Her pearly Dew-drops weeps.
- 7 I weather out the tiresome Night
And mid deep languors lie ;

- Beneath a load of tedious Hours
Still for the Dawning sigh.
- 8 Yet patient will I pass my time
Tho' skirted with the Gloom,
Assur'd his Rays will usher Spring
Fresh with immortal Bloom.
- 9 Soon will my Soul with Transport glow,
When from my Tomb I hear
The Skies with Acclamations ring,
"Behold the BRIDEGROOM near."
- 10 Till He arrive, I'll feed on Hope,
Nor that a scanty Meal ;
For sure the Promise of a GOD
His Servants will not fail.

CXXVIII. *Disembodied Saints longing for the Resurrection of their Bodies, and the compleat Joys of the Redeemed.*

- 1 **T**HE Saints on high look wishful down
To view the Grave's damp Bed ;
All sympathetic with their dust
In yonder Charnels spread.
- 2 Still undesirous that their Flesh
Such rapt'rous Sweets should lose ;
And longing till their death-seal'd Eyes
Their Lids at last uncloze.
- 3 They wait in hope, till Earth and Skies
In mingling Blaze shall burn,
Till at the Trumpet's wak'ning Blast
The Dead to Life return.

- 4 GOD's Ransom'd then from Slumber start,
And leave the peaceful Tomb ;
Flush'd with immortal Health they reach
Their everlasting Home.
- 5 The Heights of Zion safe they mount
Crown'd with unfading Joy,
The Praises of MESSIAH's Grace
Their new-strung Harps employ.
- 6 Along the Vales of Paradise
They sip mellifluous Dews
From Flow'rs, which on those sunny Hills
Display their blushing hues.
- 7 An overflowing Cup they taste
High-charged to the brim ;
And of the living Streams of Bliss
In endless Pleasures swim.
- 8 No hov'ring Clouds their Views eclipse,
No Show'rs of Grief distil ;
No hoary Frosts their Comforts nip,
Or rip'ning Blossoms kill.
- 9 No heaving Sighs their Bosoms swell,
All Sorrow's Mists are fled ;
And Zion's Dwellings far around
Refulgent Glories shed.

CXXIX. *Come* LORD JESUS.

Rev. xxii. 20.

- 1 SWEET JESUS, haste, and speed thee
Thy Friends impatient long [down ;

To see Thee skip o'er distant Hills
Amid th' angelic Throng.

- 2 We wait to see Thee rend the Sky,
And ride the floating Cloud ;
To hear the Trump of GOD on high
To Judgment sounding loud.
- 3 Why tarry thus thy Chariot-Wheels ?
Ah ! why that Hour delay ?
Since for that dreadful pleasing Morn
Thy Saints incessant pray.
- 4 Ten thousand Deeds by Midnight veil'd
Loud, loud for Vengeance cry ;
Unheard of Causes are enroll'd
For Thee the JUDGE to try.
- 5 Here injur'd Innocence still groans,
And shews the gaping Wound,
Pierc'd by the sharp envenom'd Spear
That Malice waves around.
- 6 Appeals lodg'd twice two thousand Years
Will to thy Bar be brought ;
At thy Tribunal full Redress
By Myriads will be sought.
- 7 For Thee, for Thee, and Truth's bright
Vast Numbers drag the Chain ; | Cause
Beneath blind Zeal's relentless Hand
Unpitied still remain.
- 8 Their Foes oft strive to tear their Grave,
And sleeping Dust pursue ;
Oft in their fresh-surviving Fame
The cruel Stab renew.

- 9 Who does not wish that Day of GOD
To wipe some causeless Blot,
That wide-surrounding Worlds may see
Discharg'd black Envy's Spot ?
- 10 Bid tedious Time make quick Dispatch,
And ply a swifter Wing,
That Heav'n and Earth at thy Approach
May loud Hosannahs sing.
-

FOR THE RIGHT CONDUCT OF
HUMAN LIFE.

CXXX. *The unreasonableness of Delays in Religion.* Matt. xx. 6.

- 1 **Y**E Fools, who bend beneath the Load
Of tedious lazy Hours ;
Who chide the hasty Sun as slow
In his diurnal Tours ;
- 2 While Life is oft firnamed short,
You wish it still more clipt ;
And of a thousand lonely Days
Yet want to see it stript.
- 3 What various Aids you summon in
From Time to set you free !
To shun its more than Atlas' Weight
Oft from yourselves you flee.

- 4 O ! how Men groan beneath an Hour !
What Terror 'tis to think !
Altho' each Pulse we hang upon
Eternity's dread Brink.
- 5 Strange Sight ! to view immortal Men
Just stepping to the Grave,
Yet launch on Pleasure's frothy Stream,
And skip on Folly's Wave !
- 6 Ah ! can your Hands find no Employ
Your Moments to beguile ?
And make the closing Hours of Life
Sweet in your Visage smile ?
- 7 Think ev'ry step cuts short your Race ;
Soon will you lift the last ;
How will you wade thro' endless Years
When these few Days are past ?
- 8 Well might you cry, " The Season's scant
" To execute Life's Plan,
" Too short Probation-time allow'd
" For an immortal Man."
- 9 In thought try on your future Shroud,
And visit your long Home ;
Take leisure Views of former Steps
From out this fancied Tomb.
- 10 No more you'll chide the tedious Hours,
No more of Time complain,
Then sure you'll breathe an ardent Wish)
For squander'd Days again.

CXXXI. *On the same Subject*

- 1 **T**HE Objects round are all on haste,
Nor ling'ring Moments know ;
Above, beneath, and far around
None else but Man is slow.
- 2 The Sun that runs his annual Course
No nightly slumbers breaks ;
To measure out Man's Tale of Days
At midnight Hour he wakes.
- 3 Th' unfetter'd Winds oft o'er the Plain
With Rage impetuous blow ;
And still the Ocean's restless Waves
In hasty Surges flow.
- 4 Bright Hosts above all Nature thro'
On grandest Errands fly,
While Fiends by black infernal Arts
Man's Ruin ceaseless try.
- 5 Yet Man lies yawning on the Couch
Mid airy Phantoms tost ;
While of the days Heav'n deals him out
The greater Part is lost.
- 6 In Man's deaf Ear each Object round
Does solemn Lectures preach ;
To make dispatch and do their Work
They slothful Mortals teach.
- 7 Yet Man thus spurr'd still lags behind
In his momentous Sphere :
For him the Seraphs anxious stand,
Himself quite void of Fear.

- 8 Give, LORD, my Being's End to know,
To haste with all around,
That my last striking Hour may prove
A sweet transporting Sound.

CXXXII. *Diligence in GOD's Service.*
Eccl. ix. 10.

- 1 **M**AN, why on Bed of Slumber lull'd
When Time forgets to sleep ?
While on thy Pillow softly hush'd,
See *Him* close vigils keep.
- 2 O start, and ply the busy Hand
Beneath the Sun's bright Light ;
See, how he wheels his rapid Course,
And hastens on the Night.
- 3 The Page indulgent Heav'n prescribes,
With deep Attention read ;
Spur onward in the Path it marks
With unremitting Speed.
- 4 Creation round is all Dispatch,
Nought else is slow but Man ;
All on high Errands still intent,
Fulfilling Wisdom's Plan :
- 5 The Grave is rip'ning on apace,
Thy Turf will soon be green ;
Full soon by Men 'twill be forgot
That thou on Earth wast seen.
- 6 In that wide House for Man prepar'd
For Toil there is no Room ;

- No Dweller there his Labor ends
Beneath its sunless Gloom.
- 7 The Man that's wife concludes his
Before he goes to Bed ; [Work
His Fingers spin the stinted Tale
E'er yet his Hours are fled.
- 8 Throughout the well-frequented Home
No new Device is found :
None from their Pillows raise their Head
To view those Realms around.
- 9 Death with his awful Sickle cuts
Heaps of unripen'd Ears ;
Just as they fall the Day of GOD
In all their greenness rears.
- 10 For dying wrong there's no Amends ;
No After-Trials made ;
There's no returning, when the Worms
Around the Carcase spread.

CXXXIII. *The narrow Path.*

Matt. vii. 14.

- 1 **T**HE Path that leads to Realms of Bliss
Is but a rugged Road ;
A thousand Obstacles block up
The Way that leads to GOD.
- 2 Aid, Thou, who lead'st the starry Hosts
Thro' their long nightly Tour,
Who guid'st those Wand'ers thro' the
In the black midnight Hour. [Skies

- 3 None but an Eye immensely bright
Can human Hazards spy ;
None but an Hand immensely wise
Can teach those Risques to fly.
- 4 Dark Thickets hedge the narrow Way
Where Darts unnumber'd light ;
What Foes Man's final Ruin try
Close-viel'd from mortal Sight !
- 5 That fly Inchantress too, the World,
Dress'd up in gaudy Plumes,
His Place, who form'd the human Heart,
With Impudence assumes.
- 6 Man to himself too proves a Foe,
A Traitor lurks within ;
Tho' Foes without should all retreat,
He's stunn'd with home-bred Din.
- 7 Yet Myriads safe thro' Life's dark Lane
Are led triumphant Home,
Whose joyous Strains now sweetly sound
Thro' Heav'n's extended Dome.
- 8 Thou, their unerring Guide, be mine,
Thro' this low sunless Vale ;
Thy Servant guard from Fraud or Force
Of Foes that would assail.
- 9 Then, when Death views the Signal wav'd
To seal my closing Eyes,
From dull mortality I'll spring
To grasp the glorious Prize.

CXXXIV. *The Fear of GOD the best Antidote against the Fear of Man.*

Matt. x. 28.

- 1 **W**HY should a Tyrant's angry Frown
Thy Countenance make Pale ?
Or at his unavailing Threats
Why should thy Courage fail ?
- 2 What tho' his Fury unrestrain'd
Should all its Banks o'erflow,
And deadly Hate at once broke loose
No bounds of Reason know ?
- 3 His reeking Blade will prove too short
Th' immortal Part to harm ;
The Spear can only reach thy Clay
Thrown by the stoutest Arm.
- 4 The Grave will prove thy safe Retreat,
And soon his Malice stop ;
Tho' to its Edge he should pursue,
There will his Dagger drop.
- 5 What tho' he kill, yet by the Deed
Some Good the Monster does ;
Since thro' that Sluice Life's wasteless
Back to its Fountain flows. [Stream
- 6 Let Fear of Him, who owns thy Breath,
Each Hour possess thy Soul,
And pious Dread high-mix'd with Hope
Thro' all its Channels roll.
- 7 His Frown could in an Instant blast
The fair angelic Rose ;

- Soon will they fade, if once his Breath
On their bright Blossom blows.
- 8 Down to your Being's utmost Depth
His kindling Wrath could reach ;
What Pow'r can stand, if his strong Arm
In Anger once He stretch ?
- 9 Th' immortal Flame He once did light
His Breath can instant quench,
Or deep beneath the fiery Wave
Of Hell's dark Ocean drench.
- 10 Still let thine Eye perceive his Hand,
Revere his awful Nod ;
Let all inferior Fears take wing,
But dread an angry GOD.

CXXXV. *Against world'y Cares.*
Matt. vi. 25—28.

- 1 **W**HY should Man's Breast still anxious swell
With Cares far distant prest ?
Why like the angry Ocean tost,
And oft forget to rest ?
- 2 Why dread beneath so rich a LORD
Who keeps unemptying Stores,
And to unreckon'd Worlds on high
Unfolds their spacious Doors ?
- 3 His House, who owns this nether World,
No Penury e'er knows ;
O'er spacious Boards Heav'n's bounteous
His lib'ral Gifts bestows. [HOST

- 4 Each Class thro' ev'ry Element
Of varying Messes taste ;
From loftiest Seraph to the Worm
He serves the daily Feast.
- 5 He spreads the Mantle o'er the Sky,
By Him the Hills are clad ;
With Vestments of the Night He hung
The Sea's capacious Bed.
- 6 Of Heav'n's high KING ten thousand
The rich Profusion share, [Worlds
Yet for a worthless Garb frail Man
Is all Distrust and Care.
- 7 See, how the Lily's snowy Bloom
Upbraids his causeless fears ;
Which stands unanxious of its Fate,
And fairest Vesture wears.
- 8 The Raven croaking on the Bough
Reproves Man's tim'rous Mood ;
Which joyful chants his hoarser Notes,
Nor asks To-morrow's Food.
- 9 Let Reason blush if hence arise
Dark Mists of Doubt and Fear ;
Help, LORD, nor let one gloomy Cloud
O'er all my Soul appear.

CXXXVI. *The Vanity of worldly Gains.*
Matt. xvi. 26.

- 1 **W**HAT empty Shadows Mortals
Nought's solid here below ; [grasp !
S

- All Things by Vanity are stamp'd,
And are but empty show.
- 2 All sublunary Joys when weigh'd
Light as a Feather seem ;
If pois'd against Eternity
The Scale soon kicks the Beam.
- 3 How rank the Fool who quits his Claim
To all-sufficing Joy
For husky Crumbs of low Delight,
Which while he's tasting cloy !
- 4 Collect the fading Diadems
That wreathe each princely Brow,
Who barter Heav'n for all their Gems
Will soon his Bargain rue.
- 5 Amass at once the golden Ore
Just rip'ning in the Mine,
With Pearls that feed on Ocean's Bed,
Where sunny Beams ne'er shine :
- 9 This Wealth let Angels then compute,
No Sterling will they find ;
'Tis trampled Dust in their Conceit,
And lighter than the Wind.
- 7 O Mortals, ponder well the Deed
E'er you the Contract seal ;
Tho' for your Souls you gain a World,
What will that World avail ?
- 8 Throw not th' undying Spark away,
Sell not thy Soul so cheap ;
O ! can't thou from Salvation's ROCK
To endless Ruin leap ?

- 9 If wreck'd on black Perdition's Shelves,
 How hideously thou'lt roar !
 And look in vain for one small Plank
 To waft thee safe to Shore !
- 10 To lift thee from Destruction's Gulph
 What would'st thou not lay down ?
 Such Help would seem too cheaply bought
 Tho' purchas'd with a Crown.

CXXXVII. *Seek the Things that are above.*
 Col. iii. 2.

- 1 **C**LING not so fast to Time's frail Reeds,
 Let go your eager Clasp ;
 Air-Bubbles on the less'ning Stream
 Instead of Bliss you grasp.
- 2 While on Life's stormy Wave you ride,
 Ensure th' undying Part
 Above the Skies ; and to those Climes
 Your ardent Wishes dart.
- 3 Pluck up those Fibres of the Soul
 That root so fast below :
 'Tis impious in an heav'n-born Mind
 So deep in Earth to grow.
- 4 Around the Tree of Life above
 Let warm Affections twine ;
 Why should they in this barren Soil
 For lack of Moisture pine ?
- 5 Beware they do not cleave too fast
 To Shrubs beneath the Sun ;

- 'Twill cause a strong heart-rending Pang
When Life's short Race is run.
- 6 Death's rude unceremonious Hand
Your Soul from hence will tear ;
Tho' clasp'd like Ivy to the Wall
The Tyrant will not spare.
- 7 Ye youthful Plants, whose green Desires
But just begin to spring,
Take heed, for soon those sprightly
To prickly Thorns will cling. | Pow'rs
- 8 Let Age unravel too each Wish
Close-warp'd these 'Trifles round ,
And when the fatal Shaft arrives,
'Twill pierce the slighter Wound.
- 9 Then shall Life's closing Act be short
When nought's to do but die,
If now th' Affections of the Mind
Are wasted up on high.
- 10 A future World's the proper Soil
Where Pow'rs immortal bloom ;
O how unwise to starve them here
Beneath Life's wintry Gloom !

CXXXVIII. *Necessity of laying up Treasure
in Heaven.* Matt. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **B**UILD not, O Man, beneath the Sun
Where Whirlwinds ceaseless blow,
Which from these Boughs thy downy Nest
Will quickly overthrow.

- 2 Earth was not form'd for holding Stores
To serve a deathless Mind ;
Such Garner underneath these Skies
Thou seek'st in vain to find.
- 3 The sharp corroding Tooth of Time
Will bite thy treasures thro' ;
E'er long his all-destroying Scythe
Will lay thy Comforts low.
- 4 No Bolts can keep the Rust without,
Or from its reach secure ;
No Watch can guard against the Moth,
Or from its hurt insure.
- 5 The sneaking Thief with cautious tread
May thro' some Lattice creep,
And strip thee bare of priz'd Delights
While claspt in arms of Sleep.
- 6 A thousand Ills still hov'ring round
May cure thy thirst for Gold ;
For Men all sublunary Things
By dubious Tenure hold.
- 7 In yonder World above the Stars
Rich Treasures thou may'st hide ;
Which, when the Stars shall shine no
Unwith'ring shall abide. [more,
- 8 No pilf'ring Hand is stretch'd above
To snatch their Wealth away ;
Nor shall it of superior Force
Become the lawless Prey.

- 9 The blessed WATCHMAN of the Skies
 Ne'er slumbers on his Post ;
 No Dweller on those Hills of Bliss
 Complains of Treasures lost.
- 10 The purer Air in yonder Climes
 Puts cank'ring Rust to flight ;
 Of Moths the Paradise on high
 Yields not the loathsome Sight.

CXXXIX. *Against rash Judgments.*
 Rom. xiv. 4.

- 1 **H**OW oft we see Pretenders vain
 E'en GOD's Tribunal mount,
 To scan the Deeds of Fellow-Men,
 And call them to Account !
- 2 Oft proudly seated on the Bench
 They human States decide ;
 As if by their harsh Verdict past
 The JUDGE must needs abide.
- 3 How daring in frail earth-born Worms
 Heav'n's Province to invade !
 Nor of their own approaching Doom
 One Moment be afraid !
- 4 To summon thus before their Bar
 Is most prophane bold,
 Unless the Windows of Man's Breast
 Did to their view unfold.
- 5 Who can unerring Judgment pass
 While Stranger to the Will,

How far that Mistress of the Soul
 Approv'd th' alledged Ill ?

6 Still shun, my Soul, th' adventrous deed,
 The wrong Decision dread,
 Lest He, who weighs the Fates of Men,
 Wreak Vengeance on thy Head.

7 When did the MASTER give thee leave
 His Servants thus to call,
 And place them at a lawless Bar
 His Judgment to forestall ?

8 O ! let me ne'er such Pow'r assume ;
 The JUDGE must sure resent,
 And soon repeal th' unjust Award,
 And hear the injur'd Plaint.

9 O Thou, by whose impartial Books
 Men's Lives will be review'd,
 On fellow-Convicts' hasty Doom
 Ne'er let my Lips conclude.

10 At that Tribunal in my Breast
 Teach me myself to try ;
 And in the Balances of Right
 Each Day my Actions weigh.

CXL. *Not to pry curiously into the Divine
 Counsels. Rom. xi. 34.*

1 **W**HO to a GOD shall make reply ?
 His Secrets dare to scan,
 Which lay aspiring Reason low,
 And check the pride of Man ?

- 2 Strike sail, ye Creatures of a Day,
Nor think with scanty Line
To fathom Heav'n's myſterious Ways,
Or on its Schemes refine.
 - 3 May Wiſdom's SOURCE each human
With ardent Aims inſpire [Breast
Their Duty and their Blifs to know,
And from all elſe retire.
 - 4 In ſome bright Mirror Heav'n diſplay
Our Reaſon's dwarfiſh Size,
That nought too lofty it may graſp
Till taller it ſhall riſe.
-

TIMES AND SEASONS.

CXLI. *A Morning Hymn.* Amos v. 8.

- 1 **N**OW Midnight's Veil aſunder rends,
Its Miſts are quickly fled,
E'er yonder Orient Source of Day
Start from his ſpacious Bed.
- 2 The bright'ning Morn ſteals unperceiv'd
O'er all the bluſhing Sky,
While the whole radiant Arch above
Reſlects the Crimſon Dye.
- 3 Reviving Nature blooms aſreſh—
Lo ! ſlumbring Mortals wake ;
Recruited Millions liſt their Heads,
And downy Couch forſake.

- 4 Man summon'd by the rising Dawn
Now mounts Life's Stage anew ;
And hastes to act another Scene
Before the gazing Crew.
- 5 Beware, my Soul, perform it well,
The closing Act draws on :
No Man can right Parts ill-sustain'd
When all the Scenes are done.
- 6 The Hosts on high the Drama view,
Still on thy weal intent :
To aid thee thro' the harder parts
Those Ministers are sent.
- 7 Kind Heav'n defrays the high Expence,
And lights thee at its Cost ;
Make haste, with its Designs keep pace,
Nor let its Pains be lost.
- 8 Redeem the Time ; how much 'tis worth
An Angel cannot tell ;
It heaves thee nearer on its Wing
Each Hour to Heav'n or Hell.
- 9 Altho' at Eve Day seems to die,
And in Night's Grave to rot,
Perhaps a thousand Days with thee
Are all at once forgot.
- 10 Soon from their Graves shall they arise
And in grim forms appear ;
How sad to see them fring'd with Black !
Their mournful Tale to hear !

- 11 With Ill blot not the Face of Day,
 'Twill soon resent the wrong ;
 Its deep upbraidings oft are heard
 Amidst th' infernal Throng.

CXLII. *An Evening Hymn.*
From the same.

- 1 **N**OW Night unfolds her spreading Veil,
 And quickly clothes the Sky,
 She teazes out her fleecy Clouds
 To dim Man's soaring Eye.
- 2 Anon she pulls the Curtain by,
 And shews her well-train'd Bands,
 Which march along, or make a Pause,
 As the MOST' HIGH commands.
- 3 Now calm'd at once the Din of Day
 All Nature round is still ;
 No Sound disturbs the silent Air
 Save yon low-murm'ring Rill.
- 4 What Numbers in Night's Mantle wrapt
 Account themselves unseen !
 Unmindful that th' unslumb'ring Eye
 Can pierce this midnight Screen !
- 5 That darksome Cloud when tenfold laid
 May hide the face of Night,
 But from that broad omniscient Eye
 Can ne'er shut out the Light.
- 6 Now Day is fled, and on its wing
 Has snatch'd my Deeds away,

And in review before my JUDGE
Will soon each Action lay.

- 7 Yea of Life's dark and secret Scenes
Report is nightly made ;
Which from the Volumes of the Sky
Shall once again be read.
- 8 Be jealous then o'er Days of Time,
And note each rising Thought,
Assur'd that from Life's blotted Book
Sad Vouchers shall be brought.
- 9 Still at the close of gloomy Eve
At thy own Bar appear ;
Review past hours, and with each Day
Let thy accounts stand clear.

CXLIII. *Youth exhorted to prepare for
Judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.*

- 1 “ SMILE on, while lasts your youth-
ful Prime,
“ Still wear the gayest Air ;
“ And of each Draught that sweetens Life
“ All joyous taste your Share.
- 2 “ When gaudy Pleasures round you fawn,
“ Shew not a cold Disdain ; [brace
“ And when they court your warm Em-
“ Throw up the slacken'd Rein.”
- 3 Yet mid the fair delightful Scenes
Raze not the serious Thought,
That each Transaction on this Stage
Must to the test be brought.

- 4 Deep in the Heart this Truth imprint,
Full oft this Line peruse,
"That Heav'n each Moment of your Life
"Impartially reviews."
- 5 Now Conscience eyes the Mint of Thought,
And marks them as they're coin'd ;
Oft unperceiv'd He graves his Lines
As lasting as the Mind.
- 6 No dawning Wish escapes the Pen
In his swift-moving Hand ;
And all the crooked lines of Life
By Him unravel'd stand.
- 7 Tho' Slumbers seem to hold his Eyes,
Each Secret well He knows ;
Nor will He till the final groan
His Inventory close.
- 8 The Day of Doom is on the Wing,
Its Thunder brews apace,
Preparing to light up its Fires,
And flash its awful Blaze.
- 9 Great GOD, our caution'd Souls prepare
For that tremendous Day,
When Earth and Seas, and Stars and Skies
In Flames shall melt away.

CXLIV. *Youth exhorted to remember their
Creator. Eccl. xii. 1.*

- 1 **Y**E thoughtless Tribes, whose glowing
Check
Youth paints with rosy-hue,

Think, how the rusty Hand of Time
Will wrinkle soon the Brow.

- 2 Now Joys beat high in ev'ry Pulse,
Health sparkles in the Eye ;
Each Morn in quest of new Delights
With sanguine Hope you fly.
- 3 But mind, that Pleasure's Cup will sour,
And sweetest Joys grow stale ;
Your Ear regardless soon will hear
Life's antiquated Tale.
- 4 Your latest Months will soon arrive
But scarce one Comfort bear ;
You'll meet successive Days that bring
Distressing Loads of Care.
- 5 Deep you may sip of youthful Sweets,
Nor fear its Cup will sink ;
But of past Pleasures bitter Dregs
You'll one Day deeper drink.
- 6 Those funless Days you'll call unblest,
And mourn Delights all gone,
While the sad Tale re-echoes round,
" Behold a Wretch undone."
- 7 O catch the golden Days of Grace
While stretching on the Wing :
These, when deep Furrows plough the
Will richest Cordials bring. [Cheek,
- 8 Weigh ev'ry Hour, and get its worth,
E'er from your Hands it part ;

Of squander'd Moments soon you'll find
The sad tormenting Smart.

- 10 By impulse of preventing Grace
Still turn your Souls to GOD ;
For that magnetic Virtue seek
Which points to his Abode.

CXLV. *The young Man exhorted to fear
GOD from the Consideration of the shortness
of Life.* Eccl. xii. 2, 3, 7.

- 1 **D**EAR Youth, in Nature's gayest
Spring,
Unskill'd in Life's wide Plan,
O'er whom Time has but faintly grav'd
The Character of Man :
- 2 Set early out while Age befriends,
Thy number'd Days are few,
Fair tho' thy Morn, Clouds soon may rise,
And Noon be hid from View.
- 3 Not long thy Sun smiles from the Sky
Till veil'd by Death's damp Shade ;
Till of the silver Orb of Night
The waning Glories fade.
- 4 On no far distant Day the Guards
That watch thy House of Clay,
Affrighted at Death's ghastly Look
Will haste them fast away.
- 5 Soon in the tedious Home of Man
Thy breathless Corpse must dwell,

When round the Neighb'rhood Death's
loud Tongue
Has toll'd thy fun'ral Knell.

- 6 The Mould that lent its finer Grains
To rear thy mortal Frame,
Seeks for each Atom recompence,
And soon will seize the same.
- 7 Thy Dust back to its Dust must fall,
And Spirit receive its Due,
Of Him who breath'd the vital Flame
To pass the strict Review.
- 8 All Dangers now but his dread Frown
Try fearless to disdain ;
Each Object but Heav'n's cheering Smile
Now learn to reckon vain.

CXLVI. *Warning to old Age.*

Eccl. xii. 3—5.

- 1 **B**ENEATH a Load of Cares and Years
Lo ! Age begins to bend ;
The Lamp of Life but feebly flames
When drawing near its End.
- 2 Now dim all round the Prospect shews
To his short-sighted Eye ;
Behind and on each side the Road
Joy's wither'd Branches lie.
- 3 Wave after Wave has beat so long
Just o'r his snowy Head,

T. 2

That in the Furrows of his Brow
Deep Sorrows you may read.

4 The Sweets thin-sown that shoot on Earth
Are scatter'd by the Winds;
And Pains more lasting in their sled
Each cheerless Day he finds,

5 His Dreams of sublunary Bliss
Have vanish'd into nought;
And Pleasure's Gains, once all his boast,
He counts too dearly bought.

6 The Dregs of Being now he tastes,
And drags the Load of Life;
Oft calling for the slow-pac'd Hour -
To end the tedious Strife.

7 Think, ye that stoop towards the Tomb,
What lies on farther side:
Soon will the Summons call you hence,
Where then will you reside?

8 Pause at the Margin of the Grave,
Step pensive on its brink,
E'er in Eternity's wide Gulph
Your deathless Spirits sink.

9 From fond Pursuit of Shadows turn;
Life hastens to its Close;
Beware lest stepping out of Time
Two Worlds at once you lose.

CXLVII. *Another.*

- 1 **A**GE, why thus range from Flow'r to
Flow'r
Which now all drooping lie ?
Or why be milking thus the World
Whose Breasts are suck'd quite dry ?
- 2 Its scanty Harvest of Delights
With Toil you've reaped down ;
Why look to see its Stubble spring,
And these green Wishes crown ?
- 3 To glean these sublunary Straws
Should Age its Shoulder bow ?
When once the Wine of Life is drawn,
'Tis vain its Lees to brew.
- 4 Why stretch a trembling Hand to seize
What mock'd each former Hope ?
What profit mid Life's dusky Eve
For Pebbles thus to grope ?
- 5 The airy Scenes of worldly Bliss
See now to bubbles blown ;
The Castles rear'd in Fancy's Glass
In hopeless Ruins thrown.
- 6 'Tis growing late, Day wears apace,
Are Life's Transactions done ?
Know that the slender mortal Thread
Will soon be fully spun.
- 7 The Grave impatient makes your Bed,
And calls to its long Home ;

- Look, how ye totter on its Brink,
As bending o'er your Tomb.
- 8 Long on your weary Limbs you stand
While others go to Bed ;
What Thousands have you left behind
In Death's wide Empire spread !
- 9 E'er Earth shake Hands, bid it Adieu,
And spurn the glitt'ring Toy :
Let Views beyond this Scene of Things
Your latest hours employ.
- 10 Start not when on the verge of Death
You pause its Vale to view ;
The Gospel-Word holds out a Torch
To light your Foot-Steps thro'.
-

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

CXLVIII. *Prospect of approaching Death.*
Job vii. 1.

- 1 **T**IME marches on with eager Pace,
Nor stops when Man stands still ;
To stay one Moment on the Wing
Surpasses human Skill.
- 2 Man's mortal Days ne'er make a pause,
His Years unling'ring fly,
Till lost in the profound Abyss
Of vast Eternity.

- 3 My Noon of Life alas ! is o'er,
My Sun's declining fast ;
On Verge of Night he'll hover soon
When all my Hours are past.
- 4 The everlasting Ev'ning's Shade
Will soon my Eyelids veil ;
Soon will th' inexorable King
This mould'ring Frame assail.
- 5 But ah ! how sad to quit the Stage
And yield my fleeting Breath,
Uncertain where my Soul may light,
When clasp'd in Arms of Death !
- 6 And must I then so soon dislodge,
Nor know where next to dwell ?
Whether in Bow'rs of Paradise,
Or in the Shades of Hell ?
- 7 Strange Thought ! to launch from mortal
Coast
Thro' Floods these Worlds between,
At once to quit Man's dear Embrace,
And mix with Spirits unseen !
- 8 But why thus droop ? far brighter Climes
Lie on Death's farther Shore ;
To Mansions mid the Fields of Light
The Just in Triumph soar.

CXLIX. *The Empire of Death universal.*
Eccl. viii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW wide the Empire of grim Death!
How uncontrol'd his Sway!
When chiefest fav'rites of the Skies
His scutcheon'd Courts array!
- 2 Why is this rude Assailant sent
To fetch the good Man home?
Why does this Cov'ring rot so long
Beneath the cheerless Tomb?
- 3 Might not the grisly King have Charge
The Friends of Heav'n to spare?
Nor with rude unrelenting Hands
Their vital Heartstrings tear?
- 4 The leprous Tenement of Clay
Must moulder in its Urn,
Until these conflagrating Worlds
In one great Mass shall burn.
- 5 Deep crimson Spots of Guilt ingrain'd
Have marr'd this mud-fram'd Crust;
The MAKER, to extract the Dye,
Must sift anew the Dust.
- 6 Who, that has drank forbidden Sweets
Which from foul Cisterns flow,
Can murmur, tho' dissolving Pangs
In his last Hours he know?
- 7 Tho' Life's pale Flame by dying Throes
From this Clay-Lamp be torn,
On Angel-Wings to happier Climes
The deathless Saint is borne.

- 8 The Pulse of Life shall know no Pause
E'en by Death's stiff'ning Hand ;
Nor interrupted his full Joys
For one short Moment stand.
- 9 What tho' thy Dust by Death's rude Fan
Were winnow'd in the Air,
Thy GOD will summon back each Grain,
And thy whole Frame repair.
- 10 What Man would grudge to bury deep
His Vessel made of Clay,
In certain Hope to raise it Gold
On some succeeding Day ?
- 11 Fear not, ye Just, to be undrest,
And lay your Flesh aside ;
In safety midst Earth, Air, or Sea,
Each Atom shall abide.
- 12 Beneath a kind all-gracious Eye
They still shall slumber on,
Till an eternal Day shall dawn,
When Night's dark shades are gone.

CL. *Preparation for Death.*

Job x. 21.

- 1 **S**OON must th' enfranchis'd Soul take
In quest of happier Clime ; [flight
And this weak fleshly Tent be struck
At Heav'n's appointed Time.
- 2 To crowded Regions, Time beyond,
My Spirit must turn aside ;

- Forth thro' the Land of Darkness roam,
And mid Death's Shadows hide.
- 8 There, whence no Messenger returns
To tell his moving Tale ;
Whence no pale Ghost with haggard
Comes Secrets to reveal. (Mien
- 4 What Hand shall rend the fable Veil
That parts these Worlds in twain ?
Or who shall guide thro' yon dark Realm
That leads to Life again ?
- 5 The Guards that watch the gloomy Pass
Prevent the least Escape ;
No Soul spreads forth its tow'ring Wings
Those Battlements to leap.
- 6 Hasten then, my Soul, make quick Dispatch,
While yet on this side Death ;
'Twill prove too late to mend Defects
When stopp'd the fleeting Breath.
- 7 Freight well, before thy spreading Sails
Are stretched to the Wind ;
So shalt thou cheerful quit Life's Port,
Nor leave thy Joys behind.
- 8 Help, LORD, to put true Faith on board,
Before I Anchor weigh ;
Within this Creek of mortal Life
Why should my Vessel lie ?
- 9 Then let thy Hand direct the Helm
Lest swelling surges rise ;
I trust thy Skill, and to thy Care
Commit th' immortal Prize.

- 10 E'erlong with Joy I'll safely hail
IMMANUEL's blissful Shore ;
And sweetly sing of Dangers past
While distant Billows roar.

CLI. *Another.* Job xxx. 23.

- 1 **T**HO' now my Cheek high-flush'd
with Health
Bodes future blissful Days,
While Heav'n too deigns a transient Smile,
And sheds auspicious Rays ;
- 2 'Twill prove but an inconstant Gleam,
My Sun, tho' bright, will set ;
I, in no distant Hour, must pay
My Nature's awful Debt.
- 3 Full well I know th' eternal GOD,
Whose is my fleeting Breath,
Of old decreed my Frame a Place
Amid the Realms of Death.
- 4 Within the Gates of that wide House,
The Grave's wide hungry Maw,
When Life's fatiguing March is o'er,
I must from hence withdraw.
- 5 Who can his summon'd Spirit retain
When vital Ties are cut ?
At the pale Messenger's Approach
What Hand the Gates can shut ?
- 6 And am I sure one Day to quit
This Tenement of Clay ?

To see the dusky Eve shut in
Of Life's dread closing Day ?

- 7 Sit loose, my Soul, to all around,
Taste sparing of Earth's Joys,
Thou can'st not bear in Death away
These sublunary Toys.
- 8 Why should I build my Nest below,
And bind my Heart in Chains ?
Much rather to thy soaring Mind
Throw up the slacken'd Reins.
- 9 Soon as my Wishes nestle here
May Heav'n in sunder part ;
And from all Fetters forg'd below
Break off my peaceful Heart.

CLII. *Prayer for happy Death.*
Psalm xiii. 3.

- 1 **E**ACH Moment plys his nimble Wings
Commission'd from on high ;
The Wheel of Time still whirling round
My closing Day brings nigh.
- 2 Some busy Hand perhaps this Hour
Is weaving fast my Shroud ;
Soon hoary Winter will draw on,
And freeze Life's vital Flood.
- 3 O Thou, who count'st my Tale of Days,
Aid me my Course to run,
Before my latest Sands are spent,
E'er Life's last Thread is spun.

- 4 Let not my Sun declining set
And plunge me deep in Night,
Till o'er this dim and fightless Mind
Thou shed'st an heav'nly Light.
- 5 Rouse from this dull lethargic Dream,
My filmy Eyelids clear,
Before the everlasting Hills
Full in my View appear.
- 6 Thy Finger points the moment out
In thy dread Book above,
When from the Sight and Ways of Men
My widow'd Soul must move.
- 7 Few Clocks for ought I know may
Before my fun'ral Knell, [strike
Which by its doleful-sounding Tongue
Shall my Departure tell.
- 8 When the grim Herald calls away,
May I triumphant stand
With Life's last big important Act
Just finish'd in my Hand.
- 9 Should I before my Lamp is trimm'd
Be threaten'd by this Foe,
Stay, LORD, his rude uplifted Arm,
And save me from his Blow.
- 10 But when Heav'n's fixed Stage is run,
Unchain his eager Hand,
And bid him softly o'er these Eyes
Stretch forth his leaden Wand.

CLIII. *The Death of Moses.*

Deut. xxxii. 49, 50.

- 1 **A**ND must the fatal Messenger
Arrest that hoary Head?
Must it with all th' inglorious Throng
To Death's dark Cell be led?
- 2 Must MOSES' unabated Force
To this dread Monarch bow,
While o'er his dimless Eyes and Cheeks
He spreads a ghastly hue?
- 3 The Straits that part these sundred Worlds
Make but a narrow Flood;
Might not this Sage be borne across
On some light-color'd Cloud?
- 4 No! Heav'n has wall'd this outward Court,
Strong Guards has plac'd all o'er,
That none from out GOD's World escape
Till Death unbolt the Door.
- 5 Of ev'ry Pass that leads from hence
He's charg'd to keep the Gate;
Those most impatient to be gone
Still his Approach must wait.
- 6 What Crowds are in his Porch detain'd?
Long at his Gates they knock,
E'er he vouchsafes to turn the Key,
Or his strong Doors unlock.
- 7 Yet MOSES soon the Threshold steps,
Nor scarce the Jailor knows,
Who for his ready Passage thro'
The Valves wide-open throws.

- 8 This Man the King of Terrors fears
To strip with his rude Hands ;
JEHOVAH deigns with gentlest Touch
To loose the vital Bands.
- 9 From NEBO's Top to Worlds of Love
Skimming the lightsome Road,
E'er yet well-clasp'd in Arms of Death
He hails the blest Abode.
- 10 Heav'n, give this Monarch strictest
Softly to make my Bed ; [Charge
And oh ! thy richest Sweets that Hour
Distil around my Head.

CLIV. *Death conquered.* 1 Cor. xv. 55.

Part I.

- 1 **D**READ Scene ! behold relentless
Death
The great MESSIAH wounds !
A Blow just aimed at his Heart
Earth's deepest Vale resounds.
- 2 Creation startles at the Groan,
She all astonish'd hears,
And o'er her wide-extended Orbs
A mournful Aspect wears.
- 3 Man's final Foe with stedfast Aim
Did long this Victim eye ;
Flush'd with vain Hopes that his sad
Should hold a DEITY. [Realms

- 4 In Hell's dark Forge he grinds his Lance,
And whets his blunted Spear,
E'er with this Champion of the Skies
To combat he draws near.
- 5 Him with its keenest Edge he gash'd,
Like Wounds Death never dealt,
As those which in Life's closing Hours
Ador'd MESSIAH felt.
- 6 O Death! how durst thou bend thy Bow,
Or bid thine Arrows fly?
'Gainst our IMMANUEL why so bold
As thine Artill'ry try?
- 7 For ever wither'd be thine Arm
That flung the poison'd Dart,
Which of dire agonizing Pangs
Made JESUS feel the Smart.
- 8 Yet now I triumph, while I see
Thy boasted Conquest vain,
Thou could'st not hold this captive
Within thy dark Domain. [PRINCE
- Pause.*
- 9 Why then arraign thee for that Wound
Whence sweetest Comfort springs,
Which oft to tortur'd dying Breasts
Immortal healing brings?
- 10 Prepare thy Shafts, and do thy worst,
Haste, all thy Weapons wield;

But when thy deadly Quiver's spent
His Wounds relief shall yield.

- 11 I fly to meet thy sharpest Lance,
Nor dread thy sternest Brow ;
I'll brave the Horrors thou can'st spread,
And triumph at thy view.
- 12 Come rather Thou, at whose Command
Death's swift-wing'd Arrows fly,
Bid Thou this hoary Messenger
These bands of flesh unty.
- 13 Let him these mortal Rags strip off,
And gently close my Breath,
That I may clasp Thee in my Arms,
Thou CONQUEROR of Death.
- 14 I own 'tis meet to wait thy Call
To reach my native Home ; [pray,
Yet Thou hast taught me, LORD, to
" Come, JESUS, quickly come."
- 15 Let my Release pass Heav'n's broad Seal,
And grant this Deed of Grace,
That I may meet those rap'trous Smiles
Which stream from thy dear Face.
- 16 Long have I trod this foreign Land
An Exile from thy Throne ;
Let me no longer mourn below,
And heave th' unpitied Groan.

CLV. *The dreadful End of the Wicked.*

Isai. lili. 11.

First Part.

- 1 **O**N frothy Stream of gay Delights
What Numbers thoughtless float !
Tho' from the fatal Bow of Death
The Shafts are hourly shot.
- 2 Down in their Cups forbidden Joys
Quite to the brim they pour ;
And jovial quaff the flowing Bowl,
Nor mind a final Hour.
- 3 How oft the Poison lurks unseen
Amid this pleasing Draught !
Tho' all delicious, yet 'tis still
With deadly Juices fraught.
- 4 From Pleasure's giddy Chace recall'd
Behold that hapless Man,
Who late in flow'ry Paths of Vice
With hasty footsteps ran !
- 5 Just from th' Almighty Conqu'ror's Hand
He met that mortal Wound ;
And now he waits till Death's cold Arms
His stiff'ning Limbs surround.
- 6 Ah ! piteous Sight ! his Eyeballs roll,
And stare with wild affright,
As if their Lids were just to close
In everlasting Night !

7. Dread Anguish seems to boil within,
Its Steam full thick ascends ;
Black Guilt with agonizing Pangs
His tortur'd Bosom rends.
- 8 Where now the dear-bought mingled
Sweets
Which lately froth'd so high ?
Now let his scorched panting Soul
This season'd Cordial try.
- 9 Alas ! its flavor'd Scent is gone,
And to rank Bitters turn'd ;
The Palate of all relish spoil'd
That Harlot's Cup is spurn'd.
- 10 All Springs of Joy he finds shut up,
For ease where shall he fly ?
Where shelter from the vengeful Storm
Of endless Misery ?

Second Part.

- 11 Beneath his dark despairing Brow
He dreads to look on high ;
Nor dares he to the GOD above
Lisp out his feeble Cry.
- 12 Ten thousand Deeds of darkness rise,
And in grim Forms appear ;
They float before his glimm'ring Sight,
And frightful Visage wear.

- 13 Conscience, late banish'd from her
Her ancient Sway regains; [Throne,
Her hoarse Upbraidings sound within,
Without are racking Pains.
- 14 Push'd forward by successive Throes.
On the dread Brink he stands
Of that dark Gulph whose boiling Waves
Break o'er th' infernal Bands.
- 15 From Being could he find a Pass
With Transports would he run,
That of his fierce enraged Mind
The Gnawings he might shun.
- 16 What dismal Sounds now stun his Ear!
His Heart-strings break in twain;
And o'er the Precipice of Death
He plunges deep in Pain.
- 17 A GOD on high frowns Terrors down;
How dreadful is his Ire!
He dooms the disembodied Wretch
To dwell in Flames of Fire.
- 18 Then dragg'd by fierce blaspheming
O'er the sulphureous Lake, [Fiends
He's chain'd beneath the scalding Flood
To Hell's deep-driven Stake.
- 19 Now bursts the sad despairing Roar
That ecchoes thro' the Gloom;
But Heav'n regardless of his Groans,
Seals fast his final Doom.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

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- 20 Spare me, O GOD of righteous Grace,
 Whose is my ev'ry Breath;
 Send what thou wilt of mortal Ills,
 But save from second Death.

CLVI. *The happy Death of the Righteous*
 Psalm xxxvii. 37.

First Part.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a Fav'rite of the Skies
 Close grappling with grim Death!
 Who will not from the Struggle cease
 Till Man resign his Breath.
- 2 To him how joyous is this Scene!
 Within what Transports glow!
 Altho' thro all his turgid Veins
 The boiling Current flow!
- 3 Still undisturb'd with Brow serene
 He sees the Foe advance,
 And sweetly smiling bares his Breast
 To meet the sharpen'd Lance.
- 4 Sweet fragrance scents his dying Bed,
 His Pillow soft appears,
 While now the Songs of Paradise
 Salute his ravish'd Ears.
- 5 Now Virtue pays her long Arrear
 To make him full amends;
 "How blest that Life," all Nature cries,
 "Which thus triumphant ends."

- 6 Tho' oft beneath a thick'ning Cloud
He spent the tiresome Day,
At eventide the blushing Sky
Spreads wide its cheering Ray.
- 7 Around his Couch bright Seraphs wait
Till struck the welcome Hour,
When of the Pass that leads from Life
They may unlock the Door :
- 8 His Soul amidst ecstatic Joys
Peeps the frail Casement thro'
Up to the everlasting Hills,
Where Flow'rs unwith'ring grow.
- 9 The Cottage, ruinous o'er its Top,
Is op'ning into Day ;
The upper and the nether Worlds
Their diff'rent Scenes display.
- 10 Now all impatient to be gone
He fledges oft his Wing ;
And from th' Incumbrance of his Clay
Effays aloft to spring.
- 11 By help of each convulsive Pang
To Birth he veers apace ;
While Streams of rising Day from far
His flutt'ring Soul amaze.
- 12 The well-known Mates seem loth to part,
Life's Knittings keep their hold ;
E'en tho' the spreading Worlds on high
Before his Sight unfold.

- 13 Sweet thro' the Mind in spite of Death
Heav'n's Consolations flow ;
The pure Delights of perfect Saints
He now begins to know.
- 14 Bright Cherubs on their golden Wings
In sweet surprize stand by !
From Choir to Choir they shout aloud,
" How glorious thus to die."
- 15 With tender sympathetic Hand
The springing Dews they wipe ;
And all the grinning spiteful Fiends
Far at a Distance keep.

Second Part.

- 16 The vital Chord is snapt,—the Charge
Angels enclasp around,
And with fair wreaths, as swathing Bands,
The new-born Spirit is crown'd.
- 17 Ten thousand Harps conduct the Rout,
And in high Concert join,
While all the Armies of the Sky
In joyful Shouts combine.
- 18 Mid countless floating Worlds above
Tow'rs Zion's Hill they sail ;
The Dwellers on those Coasts of Bliss
Th' angelic Convoy hail.
- 19 On starry Pavement now they tread,
Suns unregarded shine

To him, whose wond'ring Eyes are fix'd
Alone on the Divine.

- 20 He too with kindred Spirits joins
Just parted from their Clay,
Who gladsome sip the brimful Cup
Of everlasting Day.
- 21 Heav'n's royal Palace full in view
They thro' its Suburbs move ;
While acclamations ceaseless rise
Thro' this blest World of Love.
- 22 Full fast the everlasting Doors
On golden Hinges turn,
And shew the Lamps all round the
With living Lustre burn. [Throne
- 23 The Curtains of the Throne undraw,
While Glories dart so strong,
As throw in deep Prostration down
The warm adoring Throng.
- 24 Hark ! from amidst the golden Cloud
A Voice proclaims, " Well done,
" *Ithuriel*, to yon Mansion fair
" Conduct this fav'rite Son."
- 25 The Saint in Adorations lost
With deepest Rev'rence bows,
While mid applauding Hosts the KING
A glitt'ring Crown bestows,

CLVII. *Death and Eternity.*

Eccl. xii. 7.

- 1 **H**OW awful, when on Verge of Death
My tott'ring footsteps stand !
When Time shall cry aloud, " Farewell,
" Eternity's at hand !"
- 2 How will the Soul look out amaz'd
When hov'ring on the Brink,
Beholding the tremendous Vale
Before it thither sink !
- 3 No wonder tho' the Pulse of Life
Thro' Dread make final Pause,
When Death has seiz'd the trembling Prey
In his rapacious Jaws.
- 4 More awful still to stand the View
Of an all-piercing Eye,
And hear my State that instant fix'd
To all Eternity !
- 5 Strange Sight ! when yonder Sun goes out,
And brightest Flame expires ;
These Eyes must see the Angel soon
Arrest those twinkling Fires.
- 6 Yet then this Flame that warms my
Must unextinguish'd burn, [Breat
When all the bright'ning Rays of Noon
To midnight Horrors turn,

- 7 No Floods can quench this vital Spark,
 No Weight this Spirit can crush,
 Tho' Worlds on Worlds from countless
 Should all against it rush. [Spheres
- 8 No Winds shall blow this Candle out ;
 Which Death does but remove
 From this dark Lanthorn made of Clay,
 To blaze in *Wrath* or *Love*.
- 9 Down in Eternity's deep Vale
 Age still on Age shall roll ;
 But none shall see a with'ring Look
 On Man's immortal Soul.
- 10 Thro' endless Ages it must still
 In Ecstasies remain,
 Or mid a fiery Deluge chain'd
 Feel strong unpitied Pain.
- 11 Thought shudders at the awful View,
 One Moment Time's forgot,—
 O may these Prospects from my Mind
 Earth's empty Shadows blot.
- 12 Thou Kindler of th' undying Flame,
 O Thou, who lend'st my Breath,
 In Font of Bliss this Drop resorb
 When poured forth by Death.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

CLVIII. *The last Judgment.*

Eccl. xii. 14.

- 1 **B**EFORE the JUDGE's flaming Eyes
Time's darkeſt Shadows clear ;
Scenes veil'd from ſcrutiny of Men
Full in his View appear.
- 2 Black Deeds of Darkneſs ſpring to light
From Volumes of the Sky ;
Crimes long beneath Night's Mantle hid
Now ſhew their crimſon Dye.
- 3 The Maſk of Virtue now is torn
From the Deceiver's Brow ;
While Innocence by Envy ſtain'd
Presents her Lily-hue.
- 4 Now to the Gaze of thronging Worlds
The Heart's dark Cells are ſhown ;
Unnumber'd unſuſpected Ills
Are in that inſtant known.
- 5 In ev'ry Breſt the deep-grav'd Lines
Record each riſing Thought,
Unvarying from the Page on high,
With Deeds in ſecret wrought.
- 6 How eaſy now to fix each Doom !
Man judg'd himſelf before,

- Ten thousand times himself condemn'd ;
 What can the JUDGE do more ?
- 7 No Fiend dare tax the Verdict past,
 Or to his word reply ;
 E'en when unending Woe's pronounc'd,
 " 'Tis just," the Damn'd must cry.
- 8 Long-injur'd Virtue oft appeal'd
 To this late-slumb'ring Hour ;
 The Souls beneath the Altar plac'd
 For this strong Cries did pour.
- 9 Great Wrongs the JUDGE this Day
 will right
 To all but Him unknown ;
 Oft by his high tremendous Name
 Guilt was on others thrown :
- 10 But now the dreadful Sentence strikes
 Each pale Delinquent's Ear,
 While their own Burden all Earth's Sons
 In Heav'n or Hell must bear.

CLIX. *Another.* 2 Pet. iii. 14.

- 1 **Y**E Men, whose undetermin'd Fate
 Hangs on Death's pointed Spear,
 Soon will the Trumpet's shrilling Sound
 Stun your affrighted Ear.
- 2 The JUDGE is must'ring yonder Hosts,
 Bright Splendors deck his Train ;
 For soon from Heights of Paradise
 You'll see him bend again.

- 3 At Midnight when our World is hush'd,
And Sons of Riot wake,
The Throng in dazzling Glories bright
From parting Clouds shall break.
- 4 The Heav'ns astonish'd at the View
That Hour shall disappear ;
Down from their Roof the Lamps of
The Angel-Bands shall tear. [Night
- 5 Earth kindles in one flaming Blaze,
And low'rs the Mountain's Pride ;
While Millions under melting Rocks
In vain attempt to hide.
- 6 Now heedful mark the JUDGE's Eye
While rais'd on Mercy's Throne,
'Twill prove too late to court his Smile
When Days of Hope are gone.
- 7 Low at his Footstool prostrate fall
Or on the suppliant Knee,
Till wrathful Frowns for past Misdeeds
Dispers'd like Mists you see.
- 8 Haste, e'er the Pendulum of Time
Its swift vibrations stop,
Before its aged mould'ring Hand
The parting Curtain drop.
- 9 If at the awful Hour of Death
He speaks in threat'ning Tone,
Like you may fear in Him to find
When mounted on the Throne.

CLX. *The Day of Judgment.*

Rev. i. 7.

- 1 **N**OW spreads full fast th' illustrious
 Of an eternal Day, [Morn
 When at JEHOVAH's sov'reign Call
 I must resume my Clay.
- 2 Alarming View ! lo ! Time's dim Eve
 Is bright'ning into Noon,
 Before the grand celestial Hosts
 To Judgment marching down.
- 3 On Clouds of Glory high enthron'd
 The JUDGE attracts each Eye ;
 Immortal Splendors dart around
 Terrific Majesty.
- 4 Encircling Radiance crowns his Brow
 Too strong for Seraphs' Sight,
 Since ne'er in waiting round the Throne
 Beheld they Rays so bright.
- 5 The Veil from off his GODHEAD thrown
 His Foes the GOD confess ;
 Untemper'd Beams like Lightnings flash,
 How glorious is his Dress !
- 6 The Trump of GOD from Pole to Pole
 Pours forth the quick'ning Blast ;
 The Grave reluctant yields the Spoil
 Of all her Conquests past.

- 7 See from beneath her dreary Gloom
Far-sundred Ages wake ;
Unnumber'd Tribes all Earth around
Their tedious Slumbers break.
- 8 In solemn Mien the Throngs are rang'd
Thro' wide-spread Tracts of Sky ;
Angelic Armies fill'd with Awe
On highest Errands fly.
- 9 Each Bosom anxious for its Doom
Scarce hears the Thunder's Roar,
Tho' Earth the loud tremendous Peal
Resounds from Shore to Shore.
- 10 The Just, serene and fraught with Hope,
Look up with shining Brow ;
While from afar the Sons of Shame
Their ghastly Faces show.
- 11 Dissolving Worlds around them burn
In one united Blaze ;
Ten thousand thousand Objects join
To fill them with amaze.
- 12 Despair's dark Lodge anon spues forth
Its wild blaspheming Crowd ;
While countless Legions drag their
Chains
From mid the boiling Flood.
- 13 From depths of that infernal Lake
Those howling Fiends attend,
The Bolts from off their Prison Gates
Are drawn till Judgment end.

CLXI. *Another, with the final States both
of the Righteous and the Wicked.*

2 Theff. i. 7—10.

- 1 **H**OW dreadful are those loud Alarms !
'Tis Nature's final Moan,
Now on her dying Bed she lies,
And heaves th' expiring Groan.
- 2 Time's rolling Stream is now sunk low,
Behold it smoothly glide
Down to Eternity's Abyfs,
That vast unebbing Tide.
- 3 Th' Archangel hovers on the Wing
Till Time's swift Clock run out ;
Commiffion'd when it ftrikes the laft
To give the awful Shout.
- 4 Hark ! the laft Hour—the Sun's blown out,
Its dazzling Beams expire ;
Quite o'er his Face a Mantle's fpread
That veils his bright Attire.
- 5 Yon filver Orb fheds purple Rays,
And from the glowing Sky
Thofe num'rous ftarry Hofts dropt down
In mixt Confufion lie.
- 6 Above, ten thoufand Thunders' Roar
Speaks an approaching GOD ;
Below, Earth burfts her heaving Womb,
And trembles at his Nod.

- 7 Dissolving Nature midst her Pangs
With stedfast Ear attends
The Voice of the loud sounding Trump,
Which thro' all Space extends.
- 8 Astonish'd Mortals drop their Clay,
And pure Immortals stand ;
While starting from the Grave's dark
Comes forth a countless Band. [House

Pause.

- 9 Soon as the Groans of Nature cease
The JUDGE erects his Throne ;
Then to the dread impending Doom.
He calls with solemn Tone.
- 10 Bright lustre beams around his Head,
All Heav'n their KING attend ;
And to his high Tribunal rais'd
His Foes reluctant bend.
- 11 He next the god-like Deed atchieves,
Lo ! Myriads now are cast ;
See, their dread Fates are seal'd apace,
And Doom unchanging past.
- 12 Soon with a Breath that lights up Hell
The Verdict sounds full high,
" Ye curs'd, to endless tort'ring Flames
" From this blest Presence fly."
- 13 Then thro' the Shades of tenfold Night
He hurls the godless Band ;
And on their Prison-gates the Bolts
Are fix'd by his Command.

- 14 Mean time the Just mid shouts of joy
 With brightest Gems are crown'd;
 And in a flowing milk-white Robe
 Each raptur'd Saint is found.
- 15 "Ye blest of GOD, ascend your Thrones
 "Prepar'd of old," He cries,
 "You serv'd me in my Saints below,
 "Now reign above the Skies."
- 16 When clos'd the Scene, what high De-
 lights,
 Are sparkling in each Eye!
 While upwards all the ransom'd Tribes
 With Songs of Triumph fly.

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F I N I S.

DEATH AND ETERNITY

Protest of the

Death

The Empire of the

United

States of America

to the

Government of the

United States of America

and

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People of the

United States of America

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